GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

Topper

JANUARY
1962
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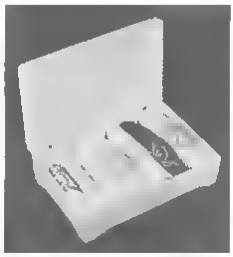
FICTION:
A POWERFUL NEW STORY BY RAY BRADBURY

ARTICLE:
NORMAN CORWIN ON "THE NEW IMMORALITY"

PICTORIAL: **TOPPER SPOOFS THE ANNUAL OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY**



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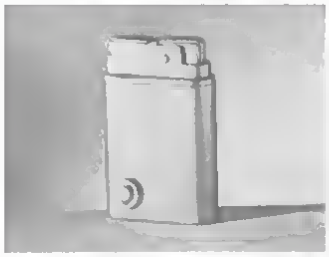

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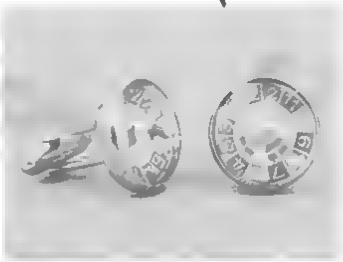

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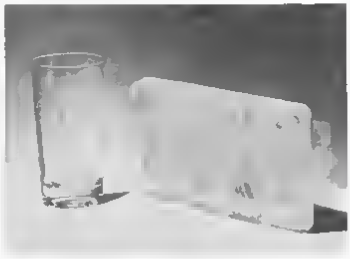

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TOPPER TURNTABLE

BY MARK ELLIOTT

Except for the younger eletoent — teenagers, subteens and those barely out of their teens — today's popular tousic market is roundly condemned, completely ignored and generally deplored.

Except for the youngsters who have known no other pop music than the current rock 'n' roll blight, record buyers bave found that they must turn to expensive alhums to find sotoething for their turntable that is acceptable to their sensitive ear.

The single record toarket is almost exclusively devoted to the fast-huckgrabbing rock 'n' roll. Those whose tastes are toore sophisticated can't find jazz or mood music or dance tousic or classics or any other forto of good music on the inexpensive 45 rpm discs.

This attitude is not restricted to critics or to grousing music lovers who really can't do anything about the situation other than complain. The men who can do something about it — the top songwriters who cannot and will not turn out a product that is not high quality — are also aware of the situation.

In a panel discussion, five of America's toost successful cotoposers analyzed the probleto and came up with a unanimity of agreement on causes and effects — and a small ray of hope for the future.

"The general state of pop music today is sad," said Harry Warren, winner of three Academy Awards.

"Music has been getting progressively worse in the single record field," said Jay Livingston, who bas written some of today's prettiest toelodies with his partner, Ray Evans. "And there is no place for it to go but up. Illiterate lyrics and unmelodic, unoriginal melodies have swamped the field."

"The music industry today is in a state of mystery and ronfusion," added Gene dePaul, whose "I'll Remember April" bas become a classic. "Too much of the new songwriting talent leans toward rock 'n' roll. This is understandable because it's easy to write. One sitoply forgets about rhyme, reason and intelligent construction."

Another voice raised in agreement belongs to Jimmy McHugh, one of the greatest songwriters of all time. When he says "we have an abundance of melody writers today, good ones, but there is a great need for good, intelligent lyric writers," it is an opinion forged of experience.

Where can the good tousic cotoe from?

"Not from the motion picture industry wbich bas all but stopped making musicals," said Livingston. "Broadway shows are the last source of good pop music, except for an occasional quality tune on which a courageous artist or record company is willing to take a chance."

They all agreed that if television would only do for good tousic just half what it has done for rock 'n' roll, "we'd have no problems."

The criticism met with agreement from an unexpected source. Barry DeVorzon, a successful rock 'n' roll tunesmith, admitted that "the quality songs of today are stacked in the songwriter's closet while he either writes in the trend m make a living or hopelessly tries m get good songs recorded."

"The good music written today is at least as high quality as that written in the past," he said. "The only problem is exposure."

Barry is wrong on one point. Exposure is not the only problem. Someone has to convince the record firms to record better tousic. Then someone has to get the disc jockeys to play it.

NEW ALBUMS IN REVIEW:

POP

As was the case with ber previous album efforts, the sexy cover picture of Julie London tells what is inside "WHATEVER JULIE WANTS" and is as good as anything beard inside. I don't know whatever Julie wants,

but a lot of guys will want Julie's breathy performance that is guaranteed to steam up any phonograph (Liberty).

Carmen Cavallaro comes to the rescue of the suave playguy who has the girl, the time, the place and the opportunity and needs only the proper atmosphere. His tinkling piano and gentle arrangements intended for "DANCING IN THE DARK" will provide the mood (Decca).

"THE SLIGHTLY FABULOUS LIMELITERS" have rapidly shot m the mp among folk singing trios, although they are anything but beginners. Here Lou Gottlieb, Alex Hassilev and Glenn Yarbrough are caught in concert before 3,000 appreciative fans in San Francisco giving of their excellent repertoire of folk tunes of international origin (RCA).

JAZZ

"THE BIRDLAND STORY," with a roster that reads like a Wbo's Who of Jazz, is a double-LP record set with a special souvenir book documented with photos and story by Leonard Feather. Besides an unexpected Harry Belafonte, you can hear Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, John Coltrane, Charlie Parker and others in this collector's item (Roulette).

Jack Sheldon, one of the better unknown West Coast trumpets, steps onto the podium for the first time to front an all-star big band in "JACK'S GROOVE." Among them are some of California's best, including Chet Baker, Art Pepper, Mel Lewis and Conte Candoli. It swings (GNP).

As with so touch of George Gershwin's immortal music, his American folk opera "Porgy and Bess" has proved to be a gold toine for jazzists. "THE JAZZ SOUL OF PORGY AND BESS" finds a spate of top names blending their individual talents for a big band treatment of the "Porgy" score. Heard are sucb aces as Art Farmer, Harry Edison, Charlie Shavers, Bob Brookmeyer, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn (United Artists).

Miles Davis fans always seem to complain that they never get enough of their favorite pianist on wax. So Columbia has acceded to their wishes with a double-LP of "MILES DAVIS IN PERSON." It marks the first time Miles' group bas ever been recorded live, this having been cut at a performance in San Francisro's Blackbawk.

BOOKS

THE RISING GORGE BY S. J. PERELMAN (SIMON AND SCHUSTER $4.50)

Humor, particularly the zany brand in which Perelman excels, contains in itself the seeds of its own destruction, as it were. For too much Perelman is like too much champagne: after a while the bubbles fail to fizz and begin to fizzle, ceasing to scintillate, they infuriate. And, at that, *Gorge* is not vintage Perelman.

At his best, S. J. (*One Touch of Venus*) Perelman is the maddest madcap of them all – and if the court demands evidence, let the chapter titles be submitted: *Dr. Perelman, I Presume, or Small-Bore in Africa, Shoot, If You Must, Past This Old Gray Head; The Importance of Healing Ernest.*

Rising Gorge is a curiously unrefreshing book. Possibly because much of *The Gorge* (actually a collection of 34 previously published stories) is of a repetitive nature, it begins to pall early. And, as everyone knows, an early pall puts the frost on any book

S. J. Perelman – who wrote the best Marx Brothers' movies ever made (*Animal Crackers* and *Duck Soup*) and has written the most devastatingly funny Hollywood satire (*Malice in Wonderland*) – is not this time around the wildly amusing Perelman we have come to know and laugh at. He is, in *Rising Gorge*, more wordy than talky; less the comic jewel – more the cultured Perelman.

But in spots he sparkles flawlessly. In *Small is My Cinema, Deep My Doze*, he writes of an indoctrination meeting for art theatre employees, conducted by personnel manager Gabe Fagin: "First of all," he said thoughtfully, "how many of you girls figure on being cashiers?"

"Five hands," the Amazon reported from the sidelines.

"Good," said Mr. Fagin. "Now, will that person in the second row stand up? That's right, miss – you." A neatly coiffed brunette with wide eyes and vivid coloring arose. "Thank you. You don't mind if I use you for an illustration? . . . Well, then, let's talk cold turkey. This girl will never get to first base the way she is."

"She looks too healthy," a young man near me hazarded.

"Correct," acquiesced Fagin. "The chief requisite of the cashier in an art house is a sickly, jaded expression – a trace of the ghoul. Her hair should be long and unkempt, and no lipstick, remember – just rice powder. "Furthermore," he continued, addressing his exemplar directly, "your attitude isn't half scornful enough. When the patron pushes his money through the wicket, you've got to learn how to lay aside your Baudelaire and sneer at him like he was a bindlestiff. Create the impression he'd be better off at a horror bill on Forty-Second Street."

"But I like people," the girl confessed, with downcast eyes.

"Then find yourself another profession," Fagin snapped. "If it's love you're after, take up nursing. There's no room in the little cinema for humanitarians and do-gooders." Disconsolate, she subsided, and Fagin punctuated the point with his cigar for emphasis. "That goes double for the attendants in the lounge," he expounded "Their job is harder, because they work in almost pitch-blackness dispensing the free coffee and cigarettes. Now, it's tough to be insolent there, because your natural impulse in the dark is to be clubby. So you have to evolve your own particular techniques for humiliating the customer, like spilling java on their lapel, lighting the filter end of the cigarette, et cetera. Once in a while, you get a golden opportunity; one of our trainees spotted a man in a celluloid collar and managed to set fire to it, but a chance like that doesn't come along every day."

In any case, *Gorge* should not be taken in whole – but in dosage. Taken one-a-day, like vitamins, a chapter of Perelman is still heap powerful medicine against the insufferable agonies of melancholy, ennui, the gout, cirrhosis of the liver and James A. Michener.

TOPPER TOPICS

DISCS

RICHARD STRAUSS: A HERO'S LIFE (COLUMBIA; MONO – $4.98)

In his *Eroica Symphony*, Beethoven dealt with a universal heroism in man that conveyed, on the one hand, the soaring spirit of his soul and, on the other, the bottomless melancholy of his despair. But, as in all of his works, man always emerged triumphant, mammoth. And although he said a great deal about heroism in others, he managed to say very specific things about himself.

With Strauss, who wrote under the intoxicating influence of Wagner and the nineteenth century, it was the other way around. Although he essayed to the contrary, his *Ein Heldenleben, Op. 40* is a powerful commentary on Strauss himself; and, even as the fifth movement's recollection of earlier Strauss themes socks this fact home, the listener is also struck by the abstract nature of the work.

The clarity of the work is plainly a product of the composer's masterful ability to orchestra a wide spectrum of human behavior and mood – also apparent in other works such as *Don Juan, Also Sprach Zarathrustra* and *Don Quixote*. From the liner notes of this Columbia release comes an explicit example of Strauss' intentions concerning The Hero's beloved: "The composer has endowed the lady with all the attributes of the eternal feminine. Her moods have been carefully catalogued with expression markings in the score such as 'hypocritically gushing,' 'frivolously,' 'tenderly,' 'in a rage,' " and so on.

As read by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, The Hero is portrayed with an unquenchable internal fire and external majesty of strong and elegiac resolution. Columbia's stereo is an essential complement to the Strauss score, and is rightly billed on the album cover as "a triumph of orchestral sound."

PROKOFIEV: CONCERTO NO. 3 IN C; RAVEL: CONCERTO IN D FOR THE LEFT HAND (CAPITOL; MONO – $4.98)

Being a thorough-going modernist in harmony and rhythm, Sergei Prokofiev was strongly anti-sentimental, and yet brought the tradition of classical romanticism, engendered by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff, to lyrical and expressive heights in contemporary music.

His *Third Piano Concerto* is typical Prokofiev and closely akin to his tuneful *Classical Symphony* in its wit and irony. Percussive at the outset and in its stormy climax, it is melodic and extremely accessible in the second movement variations.

Young (28) John Browning communicates a sympathetic affinity for the work, breathing vibrancy and passion into every note. By comparison, Van Cliburn's recording on RCA with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra is noncommital and the mop-topped virtuoso's sweeping temperament just does not suit the percussive, difficult *Concerto*.

Browning's *Ravel*, on the other side, is executed equally as well as its mate. Actually written by the composer for a one-armed pianist, Browning delivers a subtle and transparent reading of delicate nuance.

On both works Erich Leinsdorf and the Philharmonia Orchestra are forceful and inspired.

TV

Television has been condemned as a waste of time, a waste of money and a waste of talent – leading FCC Chairman Newton F. Minow to dub it a "wasteland." In addition, it has been dismissed as "the opiate of the masses" and "chewing gum for the eyes."

At its worst, TV is an indefensible calamity, a swampland which requires immediate draining. But at its best, it soars high and handsome – leaving its critics far below, picking egg off each other's faces.

Just such a vindicator of TV's existence is ABC's *Naked City*. Being a weekly hour-long show, *City* labors under the same frenetic difficulties which such 60-minute mutations as *Hawaiian Eye*, *Adventures in Paradise*, and *Surfside Six* experience. Even greater difficulties, when you realize the extreme dilemmas involved in shooting such a series on location in New York City.

In spite of the restrictions of time and weather, which must be considered and overcome, *City*, week after week, persists in offering the finest dramatic productions on television.

All the way down the credit line, *City* is a superior effort. The regulars in the cast (Paul Burke, Horace McMahon, Harry Bellaver, Nancy Malone) are all first rate actors – not an ex-beachboy, still sandy behind the ears, in the troupe. Furthermore, the editing and photography of *Naked City* are unmatched on TV.

But in the last analysis, a show must offer more than a sixty-minute travelogue of Manhattan, however artfully done, if it is to have any persuasion and any real worth. It is, therefore, the standard of performances and the level of writing that give the final grade to the show. And as that grade is clearly "superior," one must fully acknowledge the talents of writer Howard Rodman.

To turn out a couple of top-notch TV dramas a season is an unlikely accomplishment, however skilled and experienced the writer might be. But to turn out ten or twelve a year – and to have them attain the consistently polished quality that Rodman has brought to his *Naked City* episodes, is nothing short of extraordinary.

His scripts, however wide they may vary in matters of theme and technique, share a common touch. It is the *Naked Citly* touch – a touch of such subtlety that with the slightest change in pressure a tickle becomes a tug, and from a twinkle drops a tear.

MOVIES

Boosted and blasted in near-equal measures, possibly the most controversial film of the past year was the three-hour orgy-porgy *La Dolce Vita*.

At times it meandered to the point of senselessness, its point was a dingle-dangle of loosely strung episodes, and in execution it was blatantly sensational – however otherwise it may have been conceived.

But by this late date, *La Dolce Vita* is not so noteworthy as an entity as it is as a part of a pattern. The pattern in point: the regrettable decline and crawl of the Italian film industry.

Soon after the conclusion of World War II, Italian movie directors (most notably Roberto Rossellini and Vittorio De Sica) leaped to the forefront of world filmmakers. Their contributions were as immediate as the hour and as universal as a tear.

Open City, *Paisan*, and *Shoe Shine* gave proof positive that Mussolini had caged and misdirected the spirit of his people, but had failed to destroy it. And one of the most spirited, most compelling of the young Italians was Federico Fellini.

Fellini, while still in his thirties, was established as a top-notch screenwriter (Oscar nominations for both *Open City* and *Paisan*) when he decided to turn his considerable talents to directing.

His first four films (*The White Shiek*, *I Vitellons*, *Nights of Cabira*, *La Strada*) were tender vignettes concerned in equal parts with the fine and the finky circumstances of life. From the ashes they retrieved the lotus, in the rubble of broken dreams they uncovered decency intact. They looked at life and winked.

Fellini explained his artistic purpose in these words: " But why should people go to the movies, if films only show reality through a very cold, objective eye? It would be much better just to walk around in the street. For me, neo-realism means looking at reality with an honest eye – but any kind of reality, not just social reality, but also spiritual reality, metaphysical reality, anything man has inside him."

In the case of *La Dolce Vita*, Fellini allowed himself to look at the insides of men, and he didn't wink. Innocence, honotable purpose and love – the vital organs of the soul – were absent. He peeked in and diagnosed a cancer: malignant, incurable.

And in that unfortunate instant the artist became a pornogtapher – and the wink became a leer.

the young man's magazine

TOPPER

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CURTAIN TIME

There comes a time in everyone's life when it may be permissible to indulge in a bit of crowing. Such is the case with the current issue of TOPPER—the sixth in our short but effective history. Last month we promised you a holiday package replete with an incomparable array of editorial and artistic talent, and so if we point with pride to the next 74 pages of this magazine, we can, perhaps, be excused for a bit of self-commendation.

First of the many things of which we feel justifiably proud in this issue is a rather unique sample of the particular genius which makes Ray Bradbury one of the best fiction writers in America today. Ray has contributed for our big Christmas issue a rare and delightfully poetic piece that, in this day and age of preoccupation in American letters with sordidness and debauchery, stands out as a beacon of pure writing in the truest sense of the word. There is a bidden message, too, in his yarn which we would all do well to ponder... In the same vein, though far more realistically graphic, we offer a timely article by one of the country's most profound 'think" writers — Normao Corwin. Corwin's "The New Immorality" may shock you—but we guarantee it will provide many a moment of sober reflection.

Lest you, gentle reader, think that we are preoccupied only with weighty matters in the current issue, let us hasten to assure you that you will also find much with which to amuse and titillate your senses. For example, in the fiction department, Paul Fitzsimmons pays us a return visit with a delightfully tongue-in-cheek look at life, love and the pursuit of the fair sex. In the same mood, M. Steinberg contributes an artful tale of seduction in the modero college boy-versus-college girl tradition. Any resemblances are purely intentional!

In the realm of the article, we take you to Switzerland for an Xmas skiing holiday through tbe pen and pictures of our travel editor, James Lorne. What he doesn't know about snowing and wenching leaves little to the imagination! Joe Mizrahi, another TOPPER regular, appears again with a nostalgic glimpse into the plush pleasure houses of bygone days — The Bordello. Jim Sullivan's versatile camera has captured for us some striking action pictures of Mexico's amateur bullfighters — the matadors of tomorrow—cavorting io the ring at Nogales' semi-annual *torrero* fiesta.

A penetrating profile of Ray Anthony by our own Lanny Sher rounds out our pictorial-essay offerings for the month . . .

We have left the *piece de resistance* to the last — as is fitting aod proper with all Christmas deserts. Aided aod abetted by Ron Vogel's camera (and produced by TOPPER'S own editor with loving attention to detail!), we offer you a pictorial record of an office Christmas party to end all parties! (We assume oo responsibility, of course, if aoy of you readers wish to follow our example . . . You're on your own! With the current trend in nudie movies sweeping the Hollywood film factories, TOPPER felt that it could not neglect this all-important phase of the entertainment world. Consequently, for your eye-filling perusal, you will find a delightful selection of undraped production "shots" from the latest flesh flicker to come out of movie-land — ALL ABOUT EVES. The guy in the picture — one male among six gorgeous, uodraped fillies — has all the luck!

In the other girl-watching offerings, we present a pert Swiss miss — Margit Bardy — and a sun-kissed California maid aptly named Hope Hathaway. Dorie Stevens, a delectable blonde, shows you how to eat your Cbristmas turkey in a fashion not entirely approved by Emily Post—but delightfully appropriate for the true TOPPER-ite. And Linda Lee, a curvy bundle of dark-haired dynamite, is ONE girl that any man should have around the house!

Finally, io the humor vein, Marv Rubin comes through again with flying colors with a spoof to end all spoofs on Saint Nick, while humorist Paul W. Fryar peers ioto history to poke satirical fun at some rather imposing events and personalities of yesteryear. Contributing editor Burt Prelutsky (also presiding genius of our new TOPICS column) adds his bit to the general hilarity with a satire on (why tell you, turn to page 15 and find out for yourself)!

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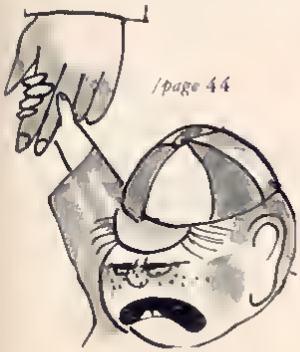

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A COMPELLING NEW STORY BY

RAY BRADBURY

The future hung over the present like an ominous cloud

It was a strange thing that could not be told. It touched along the hairs on his neck as he lay wakening. Eyes shut, he pressed his hands to the dirt.

Was the earth, shaking old fires under its crust, turning over in its sleep?

Were buffalo on the dust prairies, in the whistling grass, drumming the sod, moving this way like a dark weather?

No.

What, what then?

He opened his eyes and was the boy Ho-Awi, of a tribe named for a bird, by the hills named for the shadows of owls, near the great ocean itself, on a day that was evil for no reason.

PERHAPS WE ARE GOING AWAY

ILLUSTRATION ED KYSAR

Ho-Awi stared at the tent-flaps, which shivered like a great beast remembering winter.

Tell me, he thought, the terrible thing. where does it come from? Who will it kill?

He lifted the flap and stepped out into his village.

He turned slowly, a boy with bones in his dark cheeks like the keels of small birds flying His brown eyes saw god-filled, cloud-filled sky, his cupped ear heard thistles ticcing the wardrums, hut still the greater mystery drew him to the edge of the village.

Here, legend said, tne land went on like a tide to another sea. Between here and there was as much earth as there were stars across the night sky. Somewhere in all that land, storms of black buffalo harvested the grass And here stood Ho-Awi, his stomach a fist, wondering, searching, waiting, afraid.

You, too? said the shadow of a hawk.

Ho-Awi turned.

It was the shadow of his grandfather's hand that wrote on the wind

No. The grandfather made the sign for silence. His tongue moved soft in a toothless mouth. His eyes were small creeks running behind the sunken flesh beds, the cracked sand wasbes of his face.

Now they stood on the edge of the day, drawn close by the Unknown.

And Old Man did as the hoy had done. His toummified ear turned, his nostril twitched. Old Man, too, ached for some answering growl from any direction that would tell them only a great timberfall of weather had dropped from a distant sky. But the wind gave no answer, spoke only to itself.

The Old Man made the sign which said they must go on the Great Hunt. This, said his hands like mouths, was a day for the rabbit young and the featherless old. Let no warrior rome with them. The hare and the dying vulture must track together. For only the very young saw life ahead, and only the very old saw life behind; the others between were so busy with life they saw nothing

The Old Man wheeled slowly in all directions.

Yes! He knew, he was certain, he was sure! To find this thing of darkness would take the innocence of the newborn and the innocenre of the blind to see very clear.

Come! said the trembling fingers.

And snuffling rabbit and earthbound hawk shadowed out of the village into changing weather.

They searched the high hills to see if tbe stones lay atop each other, and they were so arranged. They scanned the prairies, but found only the winds which played there like trihal children all day. And found arrowheads from old wars

No, the Old Man's hand drew on the sky, the men of this nation and that beyond smoke hy the summer fires while the squaws cut wood. It is not arrows flying that we almost hear.

At last, when the sun sank into the nation of buffalo hunters, the Old Man looked up.

The birds! his hands cried suddenly, are flying south! Summer is over!

No! the boy's hands said, summer has just begun! I see no birds!

They are so high, said the Old Man's fingers, that only the blind can feel their passage. They shadow the heart more than the earth. I feel them pass south in my blood. Summer goes. We may go with it. Perhaps we are going away.

No! cried the boy aloud, suddenly afraid Go where? Why? For what?

Who knows? said the Old Man, and perhaps we will not move. Still, even without moving, perhaps we are going away.

No! Go back! cried the boy, to the empty sky, the birds unseen, the unshadowed air. Summer, stay!

No use, said the Old One's single hand, tooving hy itself. Not you or me or our people can stay this weather. It is a season changed, rome to live on the land for all time.

But from where does it come?

This way, said the Old Man, at last.

And in the dusk they looked down at the great waters of the east that went over the edge of the world, where no one had ever gone.

There. The Old Man's hand clenched and thrust out. There *it* is.

Far ahead, a single light hurnt on the shore.

With the moon rising, the Old Man and the rabbit boy padded on the sands, heard strange voices in the sea, smelled wild burnings from the now suddenly close fire.

They crawled on their bellies. They lay looking in at the light.

And the more he looked, the colder Ho-Awi became, and he knew that all the Old Man had said was true.

For drawn to this fire built of sticks and moss, which flickered brightly in the soft evening wind which was cooler now, at the heart of summer, were such creatures as he had never seen.

These were men with faces like white hot roals, with some eyes in these faces as blue as sky. All these men had glossy hair on their cheeks and chins, which grew to a point. One man stood with raised lightning in his hand and a great moon of sharp stuff on his head like the face of a fish. The others had bright round tinkling crusts of material cleaved to their chests which gonged slightly when they moved. As Ho-Awi watched, some men lifted the gonging hright things from their heads, unskinned the eye-hlinding crab shells, the turtle-casings from their chests, their arms, their legs, and tossed these discarded sheaths to the sand Doing this, the creatures laughed, while out in the bay stood a hlack shape on the waters, a great dark canoe with things like torn clouds hung on poles over it.

After a long while of holding their breath, the Old Man and the boy went away.

From a hill, they watched the fire that was no higger than a star now. You rould wink it out with an eyelash. If you closed your eyes, it was destroyed.

Still, it remained.

Is this, asked the boy, the great happening?

The Old One's face was that of a fallen eagle, filled with dreadful years and unwanted wisdom. The eyes were resplendently hright, as if they welled with a rise of cold clear water in which all could be seen like a river that drank the sky and earth and knew it, accepted silently and would not deny the accumulation of dust, time, shape, sound and destiny.

The Old Man nodded, once.

This was the terrible weather. This was how summer would end. This made the birds wheel south, shadowless, through a grieving land.

The worn hands stopped moving. The time of questions was done.

Far away, the fire lept. One of the creatures moved The bright stuff on his tortoise-shell body flashed. It was like an arrow cutting a wound in the night.

Then the boy vanished in darkness, following the eagle and the hawk that lived in the stone body of his grandfather.

Below, the sea reared up and poured another great salt wave in hillions of pieces which crasbed and hissed like knives swarming along the continental shores.

*"Is it true that **EVERYTHING** King Midas touches turns to gold?!"*

THE NEW IMMORALITY

BY NORMAN CORWIN

A noted writer takes a biting look at the mores of today's world as it faces survival...or extermination!

They tell me Babylon was wicked and that the wing-dings of Biblical times were marvels of debauchery. The royal courts of ancient Egypt and Asia, and the profligate emperors of Rome, produced bigger and better orgies by far than the late Mr. DeMille. History is full of big and little obscenities, atrocities, complex perversions and every imagineable variety of torture and murder. But to our century and generation belongs the distinction of introducing the most appalling immorality of all time: the cold-blooded calculation of how to exterminate—repeat, exterminate—not just a group, a clan, a faction, a party, an army or even a nation—but whole groups of nations—hundreds of millions of people; and, if necessary, most of the population of the earth.

Not the least scary thing about this, is that the authors of this immorality—the technicians who have shown us how to do it, and the governments that will instruct us whether to do it, when and to whom, are all moral people to themselves and to others; there is probably nothing more serious than a traffic citation against the record of the whole lot of them, West and East. They are, on paper, the inheritors as well as the latest products of the long and arduous processes of civilization, and, as such, have had access to the accumulated wisdom of the ages. They have no doubts about the humaneness of their particular cultures: they are Enlightened. Yet they work, plan, discuss, negotiate and threaten each other, around techniques and concepts that would be considered insanely fiendish by the remotest savages in the jungles of the Amazon. The very notion of a super-blowpipe whose poison-tipped shafts could instantly kill millions of men, women and children, and poison still other hundreds of millions yet unborn—such an idea would be too offensive for the aborigine to hear out; and its proponents would either be hustled out of the rain forest or hacked to pieces and fed to alligators.

With each advance in the science of annihilation by thermonuclear reaction, the destructive radius expands, the chance of survival shrinks, the number of calculated killed jumps forward, and the mortgaging of future generations to deformity and death stretches across more decades, even across centuries. So it is only natural that people should think about how to duck for cover, how to limit casualties, how to evacuate cities, how to survive Survival. There is proper ado

about shelters and civil defense; testimony is given and taken; hearings go on, speeches are made; books are written; schoolchildren are taught how to hide under a desk or table (a delicate nuance, considering that the whole school may be vaporized along with the rest of the city, county and state).

In most of the "official statements" thus far made public, people are counted in blocks of expendable millions. Casualty figures are bandied about with as much feeling as though one were talking of the tuna catch for the current season. The tiresomely convenient and indefinite term "millions"—faceless and bloodless, like census statistics—comes out of the mouths of testifiers and plapps on the platens of typewriters as routinely as though one were speaking of millions of dollars for a national highway construction program, or of loans to the indigent or mismanaged nations among our allies. But the "millions" happen to be millions of *people*, and the context in which they are mentioned is always death and destruction and lingering poison.

One of the leading experts on the going rate of wholesale slaughter is Herman Kahn, author of a book entitled *On Thermonuclear War*. Had this work been published by a house specializing in squushy horror, or in the luridly sensational aspects of military and space technology, one might accept it as we do movies of purple people-eaters and various outsized and ridiculous monsters. But Kahn's book was published by the Princeton University Press, which gives it academic stature.

With the impersonality of an IBM computer, Kahn writes of "Limited War Capability" and "Long War Capability." A long war will last from two to 30 days. A short one, from 30 minutes to eight hours. In other words, anything over one day's duration will be a dragged out, very lethal and noxious affair. And this is because, among the "possible degrees of awfulness" which we must assess in deciding which "posture" to show the enemy, the mortality figures run from a piddling two million, with an "economic" recuperation" factor of one year (a war limited to Brooklyn, maybe?) up to 160,000,000 dead, with a recuperation factor of 100 years.

Of course, Mr. Kahn is not the only man calmly to toss around figures of this sort. Mr. Khrushchev, when annoyed, which is often, has a habit of telling visiting statesmen how many nations he will knock off within how many minutes, once we imperialist warmongers start anything. He mentions whole nations just as a football coach might mention opposing linemen to be taken out of a play by blockers... the difference being that football linemen get up to resume play, and their wives and children are not incinerated in the course of the down.

There are plenty on our side who make threatening postures, too, especially retired admirals, generals, and very old A.K.'s who haven't very long to live anyway, and would rather not see the world enjoy itself too fully after they are gone. But at least nobody in high places of the West barks quite so brusquely as Mr. K.

The public, which in the final analysis is called upon to fight the wars, gets mangled in them, and pays for them as well, is made aware of the prospective delights of thermonuclear war in two main ways: by threats of it, issued in periodic crises that occur with drab regularity; and by stirrings and fidgetings about how to defend itself should any of these threats ripen into action. Toward the latter end, the Holifield Committee recently held Congressional hearings on a nuclear shelter program for the country. In the course of these hearings, Congresswoman Martha Griffin pointed out that if the best shelters are large downtown buildings, the only people to be saved in the event of an attack at 3 a.m. would be "skid row drunks and prostitutes." This reminded me of the fact that when Mount Pelé erupted in 1902 and killed more than 40,000 inhabitants of St. Pierre, only *one* person survived: a thief who happened to be imprisoned in a dungeon below ground level, and thus escaped asphyxiation.

In the same hearings, the same Mr. Kahn came out squarely for a war in which only 20,000,000 Americans would be killed, as against one that would kill 40,000,000. That is reasonable enough, providing we have time to make up our minds which to choose, and providing it doesn't get away from us and kill 140,000,000 ...and providing also that Mr. Kahn's logic is not "permeated with a bloodthirsty irrationality," as has been charged by the responsible Scientific American.

If the alternatives are between 20,000,000 and 40,000,000 American dead, or the actuarial figures on a free-for-all global-type brawl that could run as high as 160,000,000 dead on one side alone (320,000,000 dead on two sides, presumably), then we should not only be building more and deeper shelters within underground cities, but should be opening up schools for the training and encouragement of thieves and prostitutes, who stand to inherit what's left.

Plainly a new immorality has succeeded the old, and made mere misdemeanors of larceny, rape, kidnaping and private murder. What is the St. Valentine's Day massacre, what is the bombing of an airplane to collect insurance on one's mother, what are the white slave trade, opium smuggling, embezzlement, fraud, piracy on the high seas—what indeed was the slaughter at Verdun—compared with a 30-minute war that could kill 160,000,000 people on one side, another 160,000,000 on the other and a few scattered tens of millions who might get caught in the cross-fire, or happen to catch the lingering fallout? Can any past immorality match it?

When Khrushchev or Kahn, or anybody else anywhere threatens the extinction of nations by thermonuclear attack, they are in effect saying to each of the millions of children in the world:

"Yes, we know you had nothing to do with it, we know you did not vote for the present government and were not consulted by it, but unfortunately the policies of your elders are odious to us, and, as the world is too small for both governments to exist at once, you shall be baked to a cinder in your crib."

And to all the millions of mothers:

"Yes, we know you are next to God in the creation of life, and have tendered a whole world into being, but we happen to be next to God (if not actually ahead of Him) in the power to visit death to great numbers at any time of our choosing; and because the system of government practised by your menfolk is intolerable to us, we are obligated to liquidate you, regardless of whether or not you are pregnant, or nursing a child or raising a family."

And to the millions of old people:

"Yes, it would be nice to spend the twilight of your lives in peace, as the past has been rather stormy for us all; moreover, we know you are beyond combat age, and are no more potentially dangerous to us than women in maternity wards or infants at the nipple; but the military posture of your sons is such that you must be annihilated

(continued on page 71)

Here's fair warning from one who knows:
when investing your money,
avoid those down-to-earth bargains!

TOPPER
satire by
BURT PRELUTSKY

BYE-BYE ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

ILLUSTRATION MARY RUBIN

For years now, not a month has winged by but I lose fortunes in real estate. I don't mean that I possessed these fortunes and somehow succeeded in misplacing them. But in the past several years I blissfully and expensively ignored the growth-potential of Palm Springs, Cape Canaveral, Tijuana, Venice West, etc. And like the ads persist in saying, for the price of a pack of cigarettes a day I could have secured my financial future for the next 2000 years . . . and had a nice tax break in the bargain.

I'm only confessing all this so that you will realize that I, too, drive through the city and see banks, department stores, shopping centers, and drive-in synagogues poaching on land that was mine for the mere asking — asking price, that is.

Conservatively speaking, I would estimate my real estate losses in the past decade at about $483,000,000, give or take a few zeroes. Well, as you can see, I had ☛

(continued on page 54)

6 EYES IN 3-D

From out of Hollywood's flesh film factories comes another bare-able photographic fillip—in THREE DIMENSION

In its fight to stay alive at the box office, Hollywood has employed more gimmicks and cinematic devices than you can shake a tripod at. From Cinerama to Cinemascope, from stereophonic sound to Smell-o-vision, movie meglomanics reacted to television's early inroads with the latest in technological advances and artistic jimcrackery.

If the 1950's spawned all kinds of technical achievements, then 1960-61 can be noted for unveiling another kind of heretofore impossible milestone—the flesh film. Following in the barefoot-steps of *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, *Eve and the Handyman* and *Not Tonight, Henry*, Hollywood Producer Roberto Rico recently collected a flock of undraped starlets and pitted them

A TOPPER PHOTO EXCLUSIVE

ADAM AND SIX EVES CAVORT: in these production shots, photographed exclusively for **TOPPER**, Hollywood's newest entry in the "nudie" movie mania features more bare-bosomed what-not than plot. A city slicker (Randy Weston) wanders into the desert to find buried treasure. Instead of gold, he runs into a "mirage" of six lovely felines (purr-formed by Gabrielle Bennet, Marianne Banner, Barbara Starkey, Lorraine Sheldon, Leigh Sands and Evelyn Barry), who turn out to be the real thing . . . in the flesh!

BEHIND-THE-SCENE & ON-THE-SCENE: One nudie cutie (upper right) waits patiently while body make-up is applied. Two undraped "Eves" (lower left) are about to appear in front of 3-D cameras (lower right) to cavort with a rather happy-go-lucky "Adam."

against one harrassed male, titling his high-budgeted feature (it audits out at $100,000) *Adam and Six Eves.*

But Rico is not content with just offering a bevy of six sexy starlets. He has seen the dimensional possibilities of harking back to the days when films did not simply crawl across the screen, but leaped out at the viewer with frightening regularity. Rico has released his flesher in pulse-racing 3-D, and what movie-goers will see is some of the curviest of pulchritude ever collected under kleig lights, seemingly prancing about the darkened theatre in nothing more than pancake make-up and sequins.

Pictured here are production shots taken during the actual filming of ADAM AND SIX EVES, a new flesh feature in 3-D. (TOP LEFT) Adam is bedazzled by one of the Eves. Lighting men (BOTTOM RIGHT) check "Exposure".

His adoration
grew until there was no getting out
... but what man could
possibly hope to escape from her hold?

HER LOVERS ARE LEGION

No man adored his mistress more than I, and none that I know was treated more shabbily. Though I knew each and every one of her sins (she flaunted them with pride!), and though she treated me with amused contempt, and could be cruel beyond words, I couldn't forget my first sight of her. Lovely and Voluptuous as Venus, pure and chaste as Diane. Call her the Golden Girl, if you like — she merits the phrase... I'd met her when I was young — that highly impressionistic stage, that damned-awful idealistic age. Seventeen.

The years that followed brought me to the "age of reason" and I discovered her as she really is. False as a perjuror, brazen as a face of brass, a shameless, unabashed hussy. Knowing her as I did you might well question my reason and look with an incredulous eye upon my unswerving allegiance to this questionable damsel. From the very first my wife implored me to end forever this disgraceful, one-sided devotion. My children, now adolescents, have joined her plea with all the youthful reasonings they can gather... She wasn't worth it... Even friends have asked, "Aren't you through with that strumpet yet?" And they've shaken their heads and gone their way wondering what incurable madness possessed me.

So thoroughly did she demoralize me that I became ill, sick with love for her. Doctors came and prescribed medicine but to no avail. Their pills and powders went through my system and did no good ☛

at all. When all bad failed they sent me to a psychiatrist and it took a long time for him to probe and fathom the inner reaches of my mind.

I looked at the burnished panelling of the Pask avenue office, at the golden chaise on whicb I reclined. I saw the sharp, highly-intelligent face of the doctor. His name was Bruce Taylor. A specialist at interpreting the deepest of psychological syndromes.

I shook my head and looked at him hopelessly, and told him that it was no use, that there couldn't be a cure, that my unfortunate affair must go on to the bittet end.

"Perhaps," he said, "and perhaps not. Who knows? Maybe in time—"

I couldn't believe it and even the docmr looked doubtful... But on the psychiatrist's golden chaise I beeame frigbtened and blurted out truths and endearments that no sane man would uttet even in the sacred alcove of the confessional booth. I was so frightened that fot a moment even I looked with suspicion upon my attachment to the wanton. How could I possibly escape from her? How could I endute my enslavement?

I mld the doctor that sbe was beautiful beyond words (and tbat was true!) and as brasen as a bussy (a bortible understatement!), yet I could find it in my heart to be charitable and label ber only as a provocative flirt. I told him that I could still look back to when I was seventeen, that I could still see her as a goddess — chaste as Diane.

Let him call me a fool and be'd be rigbt. I knew he could gather scores of affadavits proving her the wanton that she is. He could cut these out of newspapers and magazines (Lord knows sbe was notorious enough!) and with all that stripping be ·ould compile a massive album of all the men m wbom she had besmwed ber favors. Nor would I be in a position to deny the exactness of his findings, for, though I might want m gloss over it, I knew that her lovers were legion.

But If the good doctor wefe to ask me, in the name of all common sense, m deny the sweetness of her smile, m forget the subtle essence of her cbarm, to forego even the touch of ber bands, I could not do it. Impossible. Utterly ridiculous.

How long was my siege upon this fickle dame? How could the doctor measure time with a devotion like mine? Cettainly not in minutes ot hours. In weeks and days? I shook my bead. In years? Decades? My answer encompassed the span of one's life time.

"And what has the wench ever given you?" the doctor asked, but he wasn't satisfied with my reply. First sbe gave me a smile.

And don't sing that song about Mona Lisa, Doctor... It was like no other smile in the world. It was sweet and innocent and sby. In truth, it was a half-smile on lips blood-red like cherries. A timid smile yet venturesome, the sort of a smile one angel greets another with. An innocent smile. Like the smile between Paul and Francesca.

"My name is NOT Miss Benson and this is NOT P.S. 17."

"But the rest of her? Her eyes, het hair?... You did describe her form."

She was golden, all of het. That bait was a tawny, tigerish mass of gold and there were golden fleeks in her russet eyes. Yes, I had described her form. A cadence between virgin immaturity and Titian voluptuousness.

"But a smile!" Doctot Taylor became incredulous "And is that all?"

Did the doctor think that a smile like that was an every-day thing? Perbaps be had forgotten the most important elements; perhaps I had not done justice to that smile. But who could? There was a seeking and a finding in that smile and an ever-widening horizon wherein she found cnnstant devotion and, on my part, instantaneous adoration.

It was a smile that carried me through the years — weary, arduous years. Frenzy and frustration had caught up with me until even I almost turned away. Why not tear up that false image of purity? Why bother with the slut? It was then that she let me catch up with her. It was then that I knelt at her feet and clutched the hem of her garment and kissed the golden sandals of her feet.

The intelligent, sensitive face of the psychiatrist took on a deeper understanding "Indeed! She let you do that? How very touching! Surely you must bave felt like Dante at the feet of Beatrice..."

Partly . . . only partly. I wondered if the good doctor could understand. True enough, I'd gone through my lonely bell for her; but why should I describe that? The pangs of unrequited love is most graphically described in the bottom-most circle of hell. Was I not the pitiful proof that stood before him? Surely the doctor must realize that the longing for ber consumed me so that she was like fire in my veins. Even as I lay there, groveling in the dust, kissing the golden sandals of her feet, I clutched at the virgin whiteness of her garment. At that moment another part of my mind, entirely alien, divorced of all inhibitions, leaped forward with the wildest desire.

"What desire?" Doctor Taylor asked sharply.

Why, it was madness, of course, and I knew it for such. At that moment I wanted to strip away that vittuous camouflage, undo the golden sandals, the silken stockings, unsheath the virgin's gown and expose the glorious wanton within.

"Ah," said the doctot, "you recognized ber for what she was?"

But of course! Surely the doctor did not think me entirely a fool? Hadn't I mld him of the "age of reason"?

The doctot was fascinated. "And she? What did she do?"

Sbe looked at me, looked at the dust at ber feet, at the golden sandals, at the silken stockings. One glance she gave me, her slave for the years. And then she knew. Her lover was getting out of band. He bad found her out. Even as my hand tightened on her gown she wrenched herself free and ran and ran.

"And then?"

It was so simple that I laughed out loud and stood up, knowing I'd never bave to grovel again. Why hadn't I been able to analyze it before? Being the woman that she is, how could she help doing what sbe did?... Now I knew she would call me and make a cendezvous... When she did it was my wife who answered the phone. She became so excited, so pleased...

"But you said..." Doctor Taylor looked perplexed.

I temembered. At first she bad

(continued on page 48)

CON FOTOGRAFIAS EXCLUSIVAS POR JIM SULLIVAN

HOY EL DOMINGO

6 TOROS 6 BRAVOS

THE EMBATTLED ¡BOVINES! OF NOGALES

en la CORRIDA de TOROS

Across the Arizona-Mexico border in Nogales, Mexico, the plaza of Señor Pedro Gonzales is the site where afficionados of the bull ring test their mettle in competition with some of Mexico's most spirited toros... or toritos, as those pictured on these pages...

TWICE A YEAR AMATEUR MATADORS FLOCK TO THIS BORDER

From the muscle-jolting lunge of the picodor's lance... to the precise, artistic placement of the bandellero's barbs

At The Moment Of Truth, a matador prepares for the kill... another ponders the question of men and bulls...

Twice a year aficionados and amateur bullfighters converge on impresario Gonzales' plaza de toros to challenge, not the menacing kilo bulls which professional matadors must face, but spunky calves in the process of being bred for future big time events.

Nogales, as host of these twice yearly amateur contests, typifies the average Mexican tourist town in its dual role of either "trap" or bargain spot. A glass of beer can be purchased for fifteen cents or fifty cents, depending upon how familiar visitors are with the going prices. On the other hand, the stipend on liquor is light enough to turn any abstainer into an advocate. Rum can be had at $3.25 a gallon; vodka and tequila at ninety cents per fifth; and Kahlua (available in the states at $8.00 a fifth) for $1.75 a fifth. Nogales' redlight district, the Calle Canal, is a glittering causeway of neon lights, which overshine the dingy and cramped quarters of its stores, taverns and hovels.

But the plaza is the main attraction for the makeshift matadors, who come from all parts of the States to see professional bullfighters demonstrate their techniques, or to try out some tricks of their own. Many of these amateurs are very serious about their business with the bull. They picture themselves as future Dominguins or Manoletes, and deck themselves out in the bespangled *traje de luces* (suit of light), the traditional gawdy garb of the matador.

As is the case with most dream stuff, the action in the

. ta the groceful, swirling cope wark of the motodar . . . Nagoles' novilleros sometimes drow thot magic ward OLE!

. . . and later, the tension of this grim battle is forgotten os fans covort in a circus-like free-for-all.

arena is not as predictable as when practiced at home before a full length bedroom mirror. Usually there are no serious injuries, but a poorly executed *Veronica* may very well lead to derision from the over-zealous crowd

The spirit of the competition is heated and hardy. While the rules allow only one or two amateurs in the ring at the same time, by the end of the event there are more matadors in the arena than you can shake a picador at. Jumping the *barrada*, sometimes eight or ten tusslers rush into the ring waving capes and shouting defiantly at the bewildered but belligetent bossies In the confusion, the role of these mixed-up Manoletes becomes quite confusing, some turning panhandle wranglers in their attempts to wrestle the calves into submission.

If this weren't the apogee of confusion, the plaza spectators then begin to deal rather brusquely with the errant amateuts. Like a shower from heaven, seat cushions come raining down from the bleachers, usually aimed at the nearest noggin of some unsuspecting matador who is preoccupied at keeping at least a car length away from an embattled bovine. When the supply of seat cushions has become exhausted, "onlookers" then resott to pitching anything at hand not invested with sentimental value — from beer bottles to bleacher boards.

If the whole affair doesn't resemble a Marx Brothers movie, then my name is S. J. Perelman and I've made this whole thing up .fl.

A discreet eye, a critical faculty, a discriminating judgment — all desirable qualities — however, they CAN *be carried too far*

TOPPER fiction / BY **PAUL M. FITZSIMMONS**

THE PERFECTIONIST

If it is not already an axiom, let us make it one: there is a flaw in *everything*, a fault in *everyone*. This side of Heaven, at any rate.

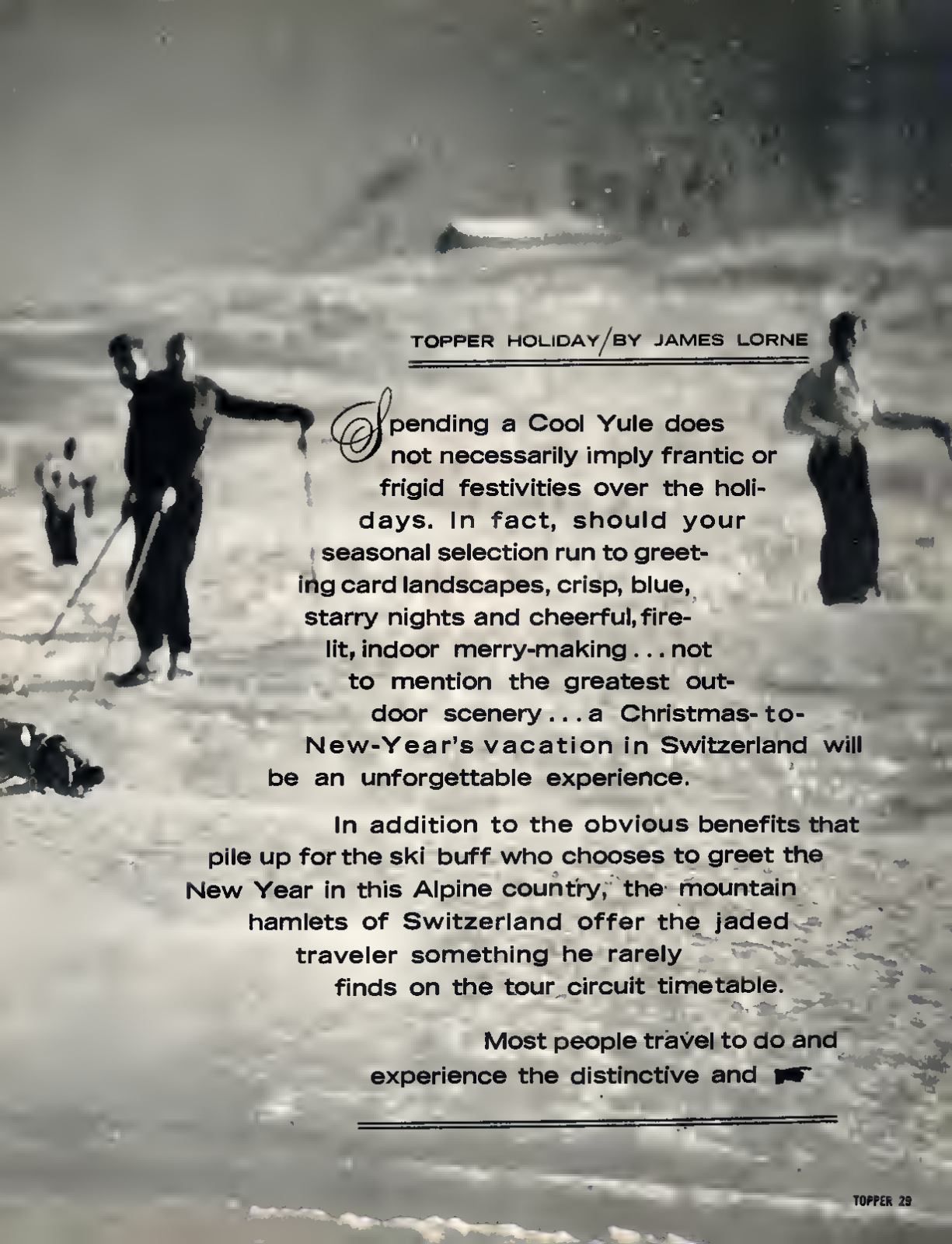
No doubt if Carlton had resigned himself to this fact early in life, or indeed at any time, he would have saved himself much grief. However, with him everything had to be perfect, and much to his disdain and disappointment nothing ever was. Well — hardly anything.

Of course it was true that Carlton could be content with something less than perfection. *Content*, yes. But satisfied? Never! In the very best of things there was always some improvement he would suggest or some almost invisible blemish to which he would call attention. Even in appreciation of the most gracious or expressive works of art, the talons of his hypocritical mind were accustomed to swoop upon an insignificant flaw or pounce upon a miniscule imperfection like a hawk upon a chickadee, rending it with a rude swipe of clawing criticism.

So I looked alertly when he declared, "Erskine, I intend to marry the perfect beauty." *(continued on page 60)*

Alpine Noël

A Rare Rendezvous For Ringing In The New



TOPPER HOLIDAY/BY JAMES LORNE

Spending a Cool Yule does not necessarily imply frantic or frigid festivities over the holidays. In fact, should your seasonal selection run to greeting card landscapes, crisp, blue, starry nights and cheerful, fire-lit, indoor merry-making . . . not to mention the greatest outdoor scenery . . . a Christmas-to-New-Year's vacation in Switzerland will be an unforgettable experience.

In addition to the obvious benefits that pile up for the ski buff who chooses to greet the New Year in this Alpine country, the mountain hamlets of Switzerland offer the jaded traveler something he rarely finds on the tour circuit timetable.

Most people travel to do and experience the distinctive and ☛

This is Christmastime In the Swiss Alps: Alpine trolleys swing overhead; from the valley far below comes the Tolyho of skiers racing down the glistening white slopes. At the rustic lodges herd by a roaring fire, camaraderies and good cheer reign. The food is hearty, the wine heady, the companionship heartfelt.

the unique, which is a good reason for going —in fact, the best. However, rushing around just to keep from being bored is not our idee of a vacation. The site you choose to relax in should be picked primarily with just that thought in mind. Remember, a vacation is not a field trip where a pell-mell, acrobatic scamper on your part will filter in the benefits of local culture, charm and scenic wonders. A guidebook is not a university syllabus, and you don't have to visit all the must places to graduate bon vivant cum laude as a world traveler.

On the contrary, avoid the well-publicized paradises. So many others have proceeded you to these quaint spots off tha beatan track, that they can now be reached by super highway.

However, if your goel is a place that's new, different and enchenting . . . try the Swiss mountains in winter. Actually, the main reason this snowscape, Alpine pastoral is so attractive is beceuse it recalls the cheery comraderie of days gone by, when the world twirled a little slower and people weren't in such a hurry to keep pace with it. In the calm majesty of the snow-covered Alps, which overwhelm you with the help of the sky, a truly graat experience in comfort, conviviality and genuine charm awaits you—and it all can be had for less than what it costs to live at home.

But before my accent on relaxation is equated with rest, repose and thence tha tomb, let me assure you that I am not a blob of doddering senility. I am only prone to relax, simply because there are so many ways of doing so enjoyably, in that position. For if you're bent on excitement, the commodity abounds in the typical Alpine villages of Arosa, Davos and Klosters. Dropping in here from the more mundane climates of the globe, a variety of arresting personalities make the snow scene from Dacamber to March, and the guest list reads lika an Intercontinantal Who's Who.

From the titled and wealthy to the merely successful, intriguing and enterprising, the towns fill up quickly with attractive, provocative people. However, in contrast to places lika St. Moritz, they don't come here just to add another pennant to their luggage, or an additional rally badge to their sports car's grill, but to enjoy themselves. Like the old days on the Riviera, these bucolic villages beckon to thosa who appreciate a good bargain and know where to find it. Even the old divisions are there, each hamlet attracting a certain national allegiance: Klosters the Eng-

lish, Arosa the Italians, and Davos the French. Nevertheless, during the holiday season the friendly partitions disappear, and all mix in a carnival of revelry and merriment . . . and what mixers they are!

The shoulder-to-shoulder spirit is so pronounced that immediate friendships are firmly spliced. A friend of mine who did not speak thair language, met three Frenchmen at our hotel bar. Being a likeabla guy he struck up a halting conversation with tham ovar some brandy. Within an hour, he and his Gallic companions were mon viaux, and to prove it, he generously contributed his 180 pounds to anchoring their bob-sled team to a New Yaar's victory.

Actually, his new friends had told him they were only going on a midnight sleigh ride . . . a little outing on the slopes. Brandy-logged, the idea appealad to him, and tha ride was a dimly remembered impression of whistling wind, sudden twists, and heaving white spaca. Next day, witnessing the same sleds barreling through their snow tunnels at speeds in excess of 60 miles per, he didn't think in such poetic terms!

But by then ha had been well rewarded for his daring. Now, he was one of tha boys, and his grateful French teammatas had accordingly introduced him to the girls. His holiday was made, and because we were buddies, so was mine.

Should you think this is just an unusual bit of good fortune, let ma reassure you. Tima does not hang heavily for the visitor. If he is out to meet people, and attractive women in particular, they ara there to be met. A typical small hotel complement of twenty guests might break down as follows: Four vacationing collage girls from tha University of Lausanne, Switzerland; three London sociaty types, none over 22; a French newspaperman and his mistress, plus her friend; two engaging Italian playboys with their playmates; a photographer for Paris Match; two German girls from Baden-Baden; and a trio of Dublin Irishmen. With these interesting ingredients, you're bound to discover something that offers the promise of interesting liaison and reciprocal agreement.

And you don't have to go through Customs, or be the European slalom champ either. While it is true that many of the guests come here to ski, more just come to relax and get away from it all . . . and there is no better place for disposing of your syndromes.

If you're handy with brandy or have a knack with cognac, you won't be at a disadvantage. No, this isn't a Christmas reunion of Alcoholics Unanimous, but many a mutually agreeable alliance has been negotiated over a glass or two, and you will find that the clientele of these village inns are past masters at the art of pleasura taking.

There is no frenzy, no frantic fumbling, no wild manifestations. Those signs that are the hallmark of the riotous vacation spot where everyona expends considerable energy to the point of fatigue, puts up with an inordinate amount of inconvenience, is jostled, overcharged, underserved, and finally disappointed – all for the sake of being in a must placa at a certain time of the year – are not apparent.

The secret charm of thesa Alpine villages three is that everything here is done with taste. Since they don't publicize it, the atmosphere is exactly as the glowing advertisemants for other resorts proclaim it should be. It's like being invited to a fabulous house party that really exists!

If the best things in life are not quita free, they are, at least in Arosa, Davos and Klosters, extremely reasonable. Your material wants can be comfortably supplied, including drinks, for tan dollars a day; as for those other, but nonatheless important necessities, they are readily available and depend on you.

Tha atmosphere is there. In the private home I stayed at, the Hubertushof, a sprawling stone mansion surrounded by thick pines and run by a white bearded, former U-boat commander, I felt lika one of the family. There were nine other guests, besides my friend and I, and the thing I remember most about the place was that I had never felt so much at home, at Christmas-time, since I was a small boy.

In tha morning the sun comes up like a smooth orange ball; a tremendous breakfast of eggs, bacon, cocoa, cheesa and sweet rolls awaits you . . . the aromas that drift from tha kitchen are heaven-sent. You leave your lodgings like a kid, eagerly looking forward to frolic in the snow. Of course, your idea of fun has changed somewhat over the years, but the good feeling of anticipation is still there, and it is shared by others.

Later that night, as you sit around the fire with a comely companion, you realize that all the wonderful things you've heard about Christmas are not just fairy tales.

Where are these magical villages? In southwestern Switzerland, among the Rhaetian Alps . . . Don't worry, it's a small country, you'll find them.

"All right! So we win first prize for costumes! Then what the hell do I do the rest of the evening?"

BYE BYE ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

(continued from page 15)

a lot to make up. So when I got a call from one Mr. Berry, who wanted to know if I was interested in purchasing some real estate, I answered in the non-committal affirmative... about nineteen or twenty times.

A half hour later a tall, thin man, dressed in black, entered my office. He brought with him the smell of damp, freshly turned earth. His skin was the color and texture of money, and his teeth were filed to neat little points. I rose to shake hands, but he waved me down. He asked me if he might take my pulse. I agreed to the operation only after he promised to return it within thirty days. He checked my pulse against his pocket watch, gave me one long look, two short ones and then shook his head slowly. He shook it left to right, right to left, left to left to left. I rose to applaud.

"Mr. Putsky..."

"My name is Prelutsky, sir," I complained as I sat down.

"Ah, yes, when all else goes we still have our identities, haven't we?"

"All else goes? What's going?

Mr. Berry pulled off his gloves, exposing bone, and once again took my pulse count.

"Well," he chuckled sadly, "you still are, by some miracle."

"Miracle? What are you talking about, Berry? What's your little game, stranger."

"Here, read this," he hissed, handing me a card which read, "Barzy Berry: Have Plots, Will Sell."

"Plots!" I calmly screamed, breaking into a cool sweat which left icicles dangling cutely from my nose. "I thought you were a real estate man. That's what I thought," I rattled on, hollow chuckles drowning in my saliva.

"I am in real estate," he hastened to reassure me. "I felt that at your age a little bit of realty could do a great deal for your peace of mind. Security, that's the password."

"Password to where? Do you know something I don't know? Listen, Berry, I thought you were going to make me rich so I could retire in luxury."

"Exactly! I'm here to help you retire in luxury. I have a wonderful little nook of land up in the High Sierras that I think would just fit you."

"Fit me? You some kind of a nut? Quit talking like that. And what's wrong with the place anyhow. Are the current tenants looking for something larger? Or maybe a place with a view?"

"Now is the time to plan ahead. I have a handsome morsel of property in Beverly Hills that I can let you have cheap."

"Beverly Hills? I can't even swing that while I'm healthy and youngish. Do you mean to say that I can live in Beverly Hills, I mean..."

"Yes, Mr. Plotsky, Beverly Hills! I have a pretty parcel of resting space right there in my backyard, right between the carrots and the poison ivy."

"That would be nice, wouldn't it? Instead of a tombstone, you could mark my spot with a Good Humor stick. With careful tending, who knows what might come up? Possibly a red-headed writer, sexually attracted to crab grass, allergic to Bandini.

"You do social work among the deceased, do you? A Jane Addams of the graveyard? Sweet."

"Mr. Pitsky, you're just being brave. I admire it, but I've seen it too often in the past. Brave one minute, grave the next. That's life."

"In a nutshell," I agreed.

"I shall return. I just hope I'm in time. In the meanwhile, however short a period that may be, think of our slogan: Die Now, Pay Later."

"Nice," I had to admit.

With that he exited, humming as he went, "The Walls Are Alive With the Sound of Termites," from the inspirational Broadway show of the same name.

The way I see it, if I don't buy those two pieces of earth I'm going to be plenty sorry, and that's sorry with a capital $. With my luck, if I don't plunge, they'll find uranium on that cozy nook of mountain. And they'll probably rezone Beverly Hills, and put up a Hilton Hotel right in the middle of my poison ivy. On second thought, Conrad has enough hotels. But I wonder if he has his own plot. After all, the Timbuktu Hilton is a nice enough place to visit, but it's no place to spend eternity.

In any case, Berry has opened my eyes. I now realize that I've been going about this real estate thing all wrong. The real money is in selling. And what, you ask, am I selling? I'm selling security, friends, havens for the lifeless. So when you're tumbling down a flight of stairs in free-fall, or get that sudden pain in the chest that means bye-bye, remember you only die once—so go in style, the Prelutsky way: easy terms, no down payment to incurables and a convenient lay-away plan. Remember, if you're not resting in a Prelutsky plot, you're not living.

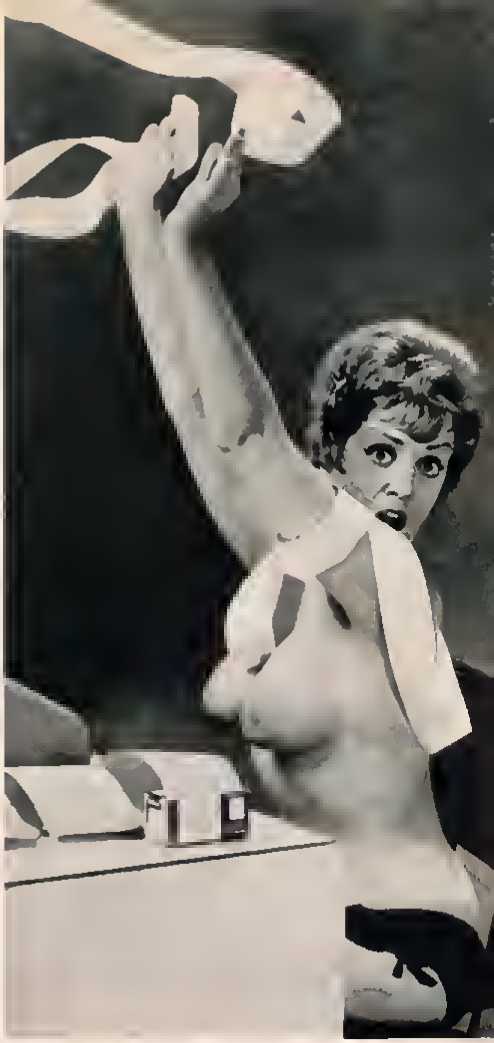
"Take off my clothes and lie on the floor?— Oh, goodie!! An office party!"

You Are Cordially Invited To

TOPPER'S OWN VERSION OF

THE OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY

100-proof spoof of an annual orgy



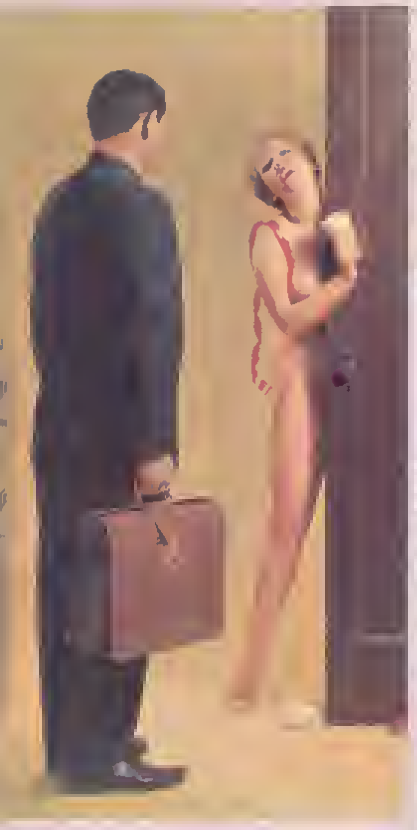
The annual Office Christmas Party is as much a part of the American scene as corn husking or window shopping. But as any alert observer who can attest to his sobriety will tell you, what the first has in common with the latter two is incontrovertably little

And that's just our point – or at least our platform. The Christmas Party has little to do with anything of immediate consequence or reason. Just walk into an Office Celebration on Madison Avenue and start to talk about corn husking or the Formosan Straits (whichever happens to strike your fancy) and you'll find yourself off in a corner all by your lonesome peeling grease pencils to keep busy. For the afternoon of the Office Christmas Party is a timeless limbo of complete abandon. Aloof secretaries shed their Kelley Girl demeanor, and starch-collared junior executives unwind their springs. The whole atmosphere takes on the faintest touch of a Roman orgy – and if you've ever been touched by a Roman orgy . . . it's really the shivers. So, in keeping with the spirit of the season, TOPPER herewith presents, in exclusive color and black-and-white pictures, its *own* version of The Holiday Office Christmas Party!

"Whose crazy idea was it to put water in this thing!"

INTER-OFFICE MEMO
Please try to keep your desk in order. Remember: A neat office is a happy office!

TOPPER'S MISS HOLIDAY CHEER



"I'm sorry, sir, but Mr. Armbruster is in conference just now."

"...Our Miss Spencer really gets wrapped up in her work!"

"I just can't understand why you're not on the ball this

PHOTOS RON VOGEL

Peace on earth, goodwill toward...everyone!

POSED BY PROFESSIONAL MODEL

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF PLEASURE

A vicarious, nostalgic view of the good old days when vice was virtuous!

Have you ever examined the word *business?* It's a harsh, no-nonesense word, full of sharp, bissing esses, cold and impersonal as the meaning it conveys.

Now take the word *bordello.* Notice its structure, long-flowing consonants and vowels. Savor its melody, robust and full-bodied. Linger over its resonance . . . mellow and voluptuous as a beautiful woman. Obviously, *business* and *bordello* do not harmonize . . . neither do the things they stand for.

For many years now, Big Business has been encroaching on the sacred traditions of our way of life. The corner candy store, the little Mom-and-Pop grocery, the old-time traveling salesman—all have succumbed to the efficiency squads of Madison Avenue. Ruthless and unfeeling, clanking business machines have plowed under most of grass roots Americana, and are now threatening to reduce the most venerated of our age-old institutions . . . the neighborhood bordello . . . to a nostalgic memory.

Yes, the great national pastime is in trouble. Gone are the days when a man could savor the delicious feeling of being wicked. And gone is that resourceful provider of pink-tipped pleasure: the Madam of yore . . . hostess *par-excellence.*

Decorum, not depravity, ruled her seraglio. She was both faithful friend and judicious adviser. Everything she did was done in the best of taste, and afterwards, you never felt as though you had consumated a commercial agreement. You chose beauty as you would a rare gem at Cartiers, and the splendor and pageantry of her salon not only titillated, but rewarded the senses.

Graciousness and style were the keynotes. In a fashionable drawing room, where you lounged after a memorable repast—smoking suberb Havanas and lingering over vintage brandy preparatory to playing unique parlor games—beautiful, ravishing women, girls who enjoyed their work, passed in review to await your pleasure. And Madam could provide a

(continued on page 48)

TOPPER article / BY JOE MIZRAHI

HUMOR / *Our Own Marv Rubin Pokes Fun At Some Santa-isms*

All year long, the plump man (some say he hasn't heard of No-Cal eggnog as yet) with the Rinso-white beard and bright red suit isolates himself in a tidy workshop at the North Pole (even Jimmy Hoffa hasn't been able to organize his helpers!).

And once a year about this time, Old Saint Nick thaws out his rickety sleigh and eight tiny reindeer for a swift journey over the roof tops of the world. But before he gets away again till next year, TOPPER cartoonist Marv Rubin has a few things he just has to get off his chest ; so Santa...watch out — here comes . . .

FOOL YULE

"Hoffa is my name . . . aad you're not going anywhere until I talk to Bonner and Blitzen over there."

Sorry Jenkins, but things have been slow. This year you'll have to parade by yourself.
VISIT MAGY'S DEPT. STORE

Does it have to be type 'O'?

He says he wants 200 tractors!

GIVE
Flake off old man, or I'll sic the Vice Squad on you!

IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE A **GIRL** AROUND THE HOUSE

These chilly months ore conducive to spending a cozy evening before the flaming heorth. Some people might choose to indulge their foncy in television, ploying checkers...or something; but we're sure thot TOPPER readers would consider such postimes strictly cubic.

With thot in mind, our editors went on a seorch for and wide for the Miss-Most-Likely-To-Stoy-At-Home-With. Our hunt led us to the charming Linda Lee, whom we considered to be an estimoble home-body.

So, put down thot TV log, men, there's better viewing elsewhere!

LOVERS ARE LEGION

(continued from page 22)

implored me to break off this one-sided affair When she saw that was impossible she began to pity me. In a word, she endured it and finally took a vicarious thrill at any progress I made But I knew the psychiatrist couldn't understand How could he? He'd never met a mistress like mine, a mistress that could be adored by one's own wife.

Doctor Taylor waived that point aside. What he was interested in, he said, was to know what further progress I had made with this flirt.

She kissed me fully on the lips and I could still taste it. It was a kiss without compassion Full and vicious and wicked. The doctor must have known about kisses like that He might remember the kiss that Cleopatra gave Anthony, which cost that Roman the Kingdom of the Nile. There were other examples. Like the kiss of Queen Semaramis to Ara the Beautiful, or that kiss of Salome's which cost John the Baptist his head. ... Indecent, deeply vengeful, completely malicious ... Didn't I say that her lips were blood-red like cherries? I've no doubt that my wife found that coloring on my kerchief, for she smiled in that knowing way of hers.

The notes lay scattered on the doctor's desk and he looked up with a worried, perplexed frown The long, probing fingers clutched pencil with a stubbed-out point, clutched and broke it in half and cast the pieces into the pastel ivory of the waste basket.

"What kind of a woman have you married? Is she a drudge? What kind of a self-less, spineless, will-less woman is she that she puts up with your philandering?"

Liz? My wife Elizabeth? How poorly the doctor characterized her! But perhaps he shouldn't be blamed. What the doctor couldn't understand was that provocative flirt, that mistress of mine ... Surely, he must have read about her? The Lord knows there was enough written. Volume upon volume The great educators, the analysts had contributed to the life and legend of my love.

Doctor sat back with a sigh of relief. He smiled. "At last I know who you mean. When you spoke of analysts — the philosopher, John Dewy has described her perfectly and labeled her for all time ... He agrees she's a goddess."

The bitch-goddess. Success.

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF PLEASURE

(continued from page 43)

girl to satisfy every desire, from the erotic to the quixotic. There was no rush, no pressure . . . nothing smacked of business, but rather leisure. Yes, in the good old days, leisure and pleasure went hand-in-hand . and the aristocratic bordello, not home sweet home, was the common man's castle.

But now, what do we have?

Aping the mechanical processes of the Machine Age, consolidating and banding together against the old-line Madams, who, if not the very backbone of the nation, were at least its breast and thighbone, the minions of merchandising have driven these crusading pioneers of the profession from their calling, and thereby, turned a classic art form into a crass, assembly line venture.

Gone is the personal touch, the first-name basis. Now, it is no names, please! Instead of full-blown, voluptuous maidens prancing about in garters and *deshabillé*, we now have brittle mannequins in business suits, graduates of Eastern business schools, claiming their diplomas fully license them to pursue the world's oldest profession.

Witty repartee has been substituted for the more overt methods of arousing passion. Physical contact, as such, is passé. Discussing Kama-Sutra is more exciting than practising it. Syndrome is more appealing than just plain sin. Passion is papier-mache pornography, and sex's batting average is in a slump from which it may never recover.

Nothing is real anymore!

By employing other artificial devices, you can now hook up or be plugged in by telephone. For this is the age of the call girl . . . that secretive Madam X. Aloof and distant, a husky voice on the magic wire, she peddles her passionate posterior by displaying her vocabulary and describing hush-hush arrangements which hold all the fascination and intrigue of a painful hangnail.

Fifty years ago, a man inspected and even handled the merchandise before committing himself Today, he pays ten times as much for throaty conversation and the glib promises of the procurer. Deprived of delicious anticipation and the lush surroundings that once catered to his ego, he cannot really appreciate the girl, whatever her special accomplishments.

He is no longer a sport, or even a patron. He is just a customer, and therefore, the rule of the market place prevails . . . *caveat emptor* .

The Madam who could have remedied a poor performance has been victimized out of existence as a crude, vulgar trafficker in vice.

In her place has come the clinical, antiseptic sexperts, as alluring as treatment for athlete's foot. In fact, the dearth of good-value-for-the-money in the trade, has led many would-be customers to follow the do-it-yourself craze.

No more are there Madams to complain to, no longer houses with reputations to maintain. If you're dissatisfied, try picking up a telephone and dialing that exclusive number .. providing the booking agency is still answering

Instead of a lusty, rip-roaring release, one now purchases a book of naughty pictures, wrapped in plain paper to please the PTA, or goes to see a risque *Art* film. If you have more highly placed contacts, you may be able to view the tender love scenes of a stag movie, or even approach the heights in a romantic tryst at one hundred bucks per rendezvous.

Actually, the moral changes wrought by abolishing the bordello have done more harm than good. Then, play-for-pay was out in the open. Now, it is furtive, clandestine and unappealing. The veneer of glamour wears thin when you have to ante-up whenever the music stops, taxi-dancer style.

It is true that in the old days fun was in, and not on the house; but there were such courtesies as extending credit to club members, and you could spend all night at the party downstairs, drinking the house's liquor, chatting with the girls and getting a free eyeful, without the necessity of going upstairs. The fact that most patrons eventually did, was due more to their own desires and the Madam's superior products than to any house rules. But try telling that to today's sex salesmen!

They are only interested in the ring of the cash register, and although their women may be educated, sophisticated, and much sought after, they don't have a zest for their work. Unless something is done soon, the refining processes of modern science will have so polished the original version of man's bedmate she will become unrecognizable, a hollow automaton.

Like the pay toilet and other mechanical marvels contrived to exploit humanity's urges, the accomplished courtesan will end up a cold, unfeeling, bred-for-business robot Stationed in strategic locations she will, coin-operated, service your needs, and the day of the two-bit whore will have indeed arrived!

RAY ANTHONY: A CAREER TURNS

With two beautiful side-kicks, a top bandleader forsakes the podium for the nightclub

What ever happened to the big name bands that used to always travel around.

The people used to crowd around the old band stand, and listen to that wonderful sound.

What ever happened to the big name bands, they're staring at the empty dance floors

'Cause everybody moved away to TV land, and nobody dances any more.

(continued on next page)

Residents of Coldwater Canyon, just above Beverly Hills, were getting an unexpected preview of the act just before it opened in Las Vegas later that week. Over the pounding of a piano vamp, the throaty moan of a sax, the slithery slide of a trombone and the brassy bite of the leader's trumpet could be heard the chorus of the opening number which, paradoxically, seemed to tell the story in a nut shell of why former big band-leader Ray Anthony has struck out on a new career as a song-and-prance man.

In the living room of Anthony's luxurious home was gathered the small entourage that is responsible for the new Ray Anthony look. No longer do the boys in the band meet to go over their stock of standards that kept the band business reasonably alive in the late 40's and 50's. In their place are writers, arrangers, agents, publicity flacks and two important additions which help make the Anthony transition a successful one: the Bookends.

Touring the country and abroad three-fourths of the year, Cary Grant look-alike Anthony surrounds himself with two show-women, who have come to be famous for their symmetrical qualities of figure and talent. Annita Ray and Diane Hall, both 23, stand 5'3" on either side of Ray and trade turns turning tunes, hoofing a step or exchanging gags with each other. The whole idea seems to hark back to the old days of vaudeville, but the difference is in the pace, the upbeat material that meets the demands of the nation's night club-going audiences, the out-and-out sex appeal of The Bookends and, of course, Anthony's ubiquitous horn.

But the horn is no longer the star attraction as it once was when Ray Anthony was the country's top big band-leader after the war. From 1946 to 1954, Anthony led an orchestra that was perhaps the most popular since the Glenn Miller days. And during the final year as a group, the Anthony organization grossed one million dollars from their engagements on the road, their hit record of *Dragnet*, an appearance with Fred Astaire in the movie *Daddy Long Legs*.

But the band business began to wane. Left and right bands folded and people no longer turned out at the dance halls. Television was capturing the fancy of the public. Although still riding a financial crest, it was apparent to businessman Anthony that band-leading was about as out of style as the double-breasted suit. To add insult to injury, people were eating Lawrence Welk with a spoon.

As the performer who used to be billed as "The

Young Man with the Horn" tells it, his decision to disband the band was based on the future of his career rather than money. For Anthony and company still had drawing power and stood to make big loot for a while to come. But Anthony held out for something more than big band identification. He wanted to develop as a performer and personality, an actor, a singer. So, the decision was made: the band business would be set aside on a part-time basis.

In January of 1960 the new Ray Anthony look was ready. The try-out took place at Gene Norman's *Interlude* in Hollywood and the local critics penned enthusiastic response. Not only was attention given to Anthony's familiar Vitalis look, but all eyes were on the two young ladies in identical clinging gowns. Annita and Diane had the personality and punch that rocked nightclubs; and, teamed with Anthony, there was that subtle sex element that asserted itself throughout.

Both girls, remarkably, followed similar paths before joining the Anthony act, Annita, born in upstate New York, struck out on a singing career right out of high school, appearing mostly in West Coast night spots. Diane comes from Pasadena, California, attended Pasadena City College, then hit the road to make her mark. When they heard that Ray Anthony was holding open auditions for a new act, both girls were among an overwhelming turnout of hopefuls who sought the end spots beside The Young Man Not Necessarily with the Horn. At first Anthony was looking for twins, but then he went for opposites. Finally Annita (the swinger) and Diane (the innocent) were chosen. Their height was perfect, they filled out an evening gown to perfection and they had the buff and puff of true showmanship.

With a smash engagement at the Sahara in Las Vegas, Ray Anthony had launched a new career that lifted him off the crowded podium and into the intimate, smoke-filled room. The trumpet is still there, but it no longer hypnotically sets dance feet in rhythmic motion. Instead, it soars over the bustle of hustling cocktail waitresses, is put to rest when its player goes into a soft shoe or original material by arranger Don Simpson. The "boys in the band," for the most part (Ray and The Bookends are backed by a six-man combo), have been supplanted by the flashy and talented Annita and Diane.

The nostalgia of the big band may be missing, but the zip and sophistication of Anthony and the Bookends is the natural answer to the jaded tastes of the public.

RAY & THE BOOKENDS work on some Las Vegas numbers at his Coldwater Canyon home.

In the patio or the parlor the team finds time for work & play in anticipation of the big opening night.

TOPPER fiction / BY M. STEINBERG

A CAREFUL JOB OF

SEDUCTION

No ploy or manipulation was to be excluded... not with this blonde

He had started out for tennis. He was not a good player but he looked well on the court. He remembered what Rosalind had once said: "Ahmad, you look positively devastating in white. Your skin's so brown..." And she had forgiven him for losing the doubles.

Today the campus courts were not busy. There were no possible partners. It was insufferably hot for early September, and he took refuge in the gallery nearby. The gallery was sometimes a good look-out point. He pulled a long black hair—probably Gwendolyn's—from the front of his white shirt and waited. Summer sessions at the University brought out such a dreadfully dull collection of students... women students in particular. And now at the end of the Quarter, even they were beginning to leave.

The few students wandering through the almost empty gallery were cases in point. There were nuns, of all things, wafting blackly down the hall like Medieval bats startled into daylight. There was a trio of bovine teachers, probably from Nebraska. He had never been there but it seemed remote and corn-belt enough to have grown them. And then there was a gaggle of goslings, twelve-year-olds, from the nubile look of them, cheeping cheerfully under the worried supervision of a student teacher from the Lab School. The teacher wore dirty gym shoes, black stockings, and a skirt that fitted her like a section of oversized innertubing. She was as flat-chested as her charges. He would stay only a few minutes. This was too sterile a ground.

What a way to waste an afternoon! He flicked open his catalog and stared at the picture in front of him. *Fruiting* was the title ☛

listed If one looked carefully one could make out the shapeless shape of a pregnant woman, in the middle right Or, was it a woman? Perhaps an orange on a stick. Damn, these non-objective moderns! If he had to look at pictures he much preferred Renoir nudes—pink-fleshed with deliciously pinchable thighs.

He turned to look at the next picture, and there stood a full-sized Renoir blonde with clothes on staring at the picture he had just left. Mouth open and frowning, she looked into her catalog and back at the picture again. She appeared to be frowning at the pregnant blob he had noticed, then looked towards him uncertainly—her sharpened pencil poised above the margin of her catalog. Her silk blouse clung damply to her softly rounded breasts. Her legs were tanned, bare of stockings, shaved of blonde hairs. She sighed and shook her head as if saying "no" to herself several times.

Here was his chance. "I agree! It is a strange picture," he told her.

"I'm real glad you said that," she responded, scribbling quickly in the margin 'But there are so many of these pictures that I just don't understand I'm glad to hear that you get confused too.' She was more plump than Simone Signoret—the French film actress—but her hair had that same just-got-out-of-bed look, and he had the feeling that he would like to toss her back on the bed and muss it just a little more.

"Yes, that picture is a bit confusing," he said "I know two of the artists exhibiting here. I'll be glad to explain what they had in mind . . . that is, if you'd like me to."

She touched the point of her pencil to her tongue. 'I'd love it . . . your explaining, I mean. We have to do a paper and I don't know what to write. I'd be ever so grateful."

"My pleasure, I'm sure," he said, and round the gallery they went. He gave a learned-sounding discourse on what he did not understand by stringing together the pearls of artistic cant he had picked up at *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* and other artists' rendezvous. He had stored phrases like "special concept in motion" and "Bauhaus School" in the jewel counter of his memory for display on just such occasions as this.

After he finished, she said she was tired and that she would be glad to go some place and talk As he opened the door for her to lead her out into the ripening autumn weather, he noted that the cross breeze flattened her flimsy skirt behind her so that the peach cleft showed. Obviously, she wore no girdle

When they sat down side-by-side their thighs touched, ever so slightly as he knew they would, and he waited a moment to see if she would change position on the bench that circled the tree. When she did, just enough to leave the thickness of a pencil between them, he knew that he must tread gently, slowly, lest he startle her into flight He had played this waiting game before and the birds had always come when called. This one would, too. She would be worth the wait.

He was sure she would be He licked his lips. "The city is the place to learn," he told her, using his kindest smile—the avuncular one he reserved for kittens and young girls.

He took her to THE GOURMET for supper. The lights were low as were the prices. If he could focus her sensibilities on what he was saying, perhaps she would not see the cockroaches . . . He expressed his boredom with the candles dripping out of Chianti bottles, but she peered about

WINNING COMBINATIONS.
Strong liquor & Weak women.
Hard liquor & Soft women.
Straight liquor & Curved women.
All liquor & All women.

myopically shrilling out an occasional "oooh!" or "aaah!" Breathlessly, she remarked on the continental atmosphere and the food . . . so foreign! and so interesting! And did he come here all the time?

Here was the conversational opening he had planned for, "But I am a much better cook, truly. You will come and have dinner with me on Saturday, yes?"

She looked up from her plate, her mouth forming a perfect *O*. "You want to take me out to dinner, too?"

Really, she was a case! He tried to imagine a whole town full of Amys. Perhaps, though, she was unique. So much the better. "But naturally."

She frowned and seemed about to shake her head "No!" He could see the phrases, "But you hardly koow me," or "I have so much studying to do," forming on her lips. Or perhaps the old stock phrase, "I'm so sorry, but I'm very busy."

"I wouldn't have accepted just a few months ago But I guess things are a little different here. I'm learning, that is. And so I'd like to, and thanks."

* * *

He planned the dinner with his usual care. Which would it be . . . lobster thermadore or *coque au vin*? It would be lobster, this time Easier to eat. He made an avacado salad and chilled two bottles of white Bordeaux The Bordeaux had impressive foreign labels reading "PRODUCE OF FRANCE" in large letters. They were a special at the drugstore upstairs, eighty-nine cents. And Amy would hardly know one vintage from another

The apartment was in perfect order. He checked just before he left The red candles were in place with the matches nearby. The table was all set, but the light in the entry was too bright He switched the seventy-five-watt bulb for a twenty-five-watt and the result was a soft rosy glow The floor-to-ceiling book shelves were in order and made an inviting lining for the bare brick walls.

He changed the position of two volumes, Benton's *This Is My Beloved* and Baudelaire's *Fleur de Mal*, to make them more readily accessible. He straightened the large Matisse over the couch and dropped three pillows on the oriental-carpeted floor.

He remembered to double-check the bedroom. A woman liked to pretend that she was the first or at least the only one. His last companion had been very upset after finding earrings on the bedside table He made sure there were no earrings on the table and no cigarette butts with lipstick marks.

After knotting his ascot for the third time, he closed the door behind himself, heard the latch click shut, climbed the stairs to the street and walked toward Amy's address.

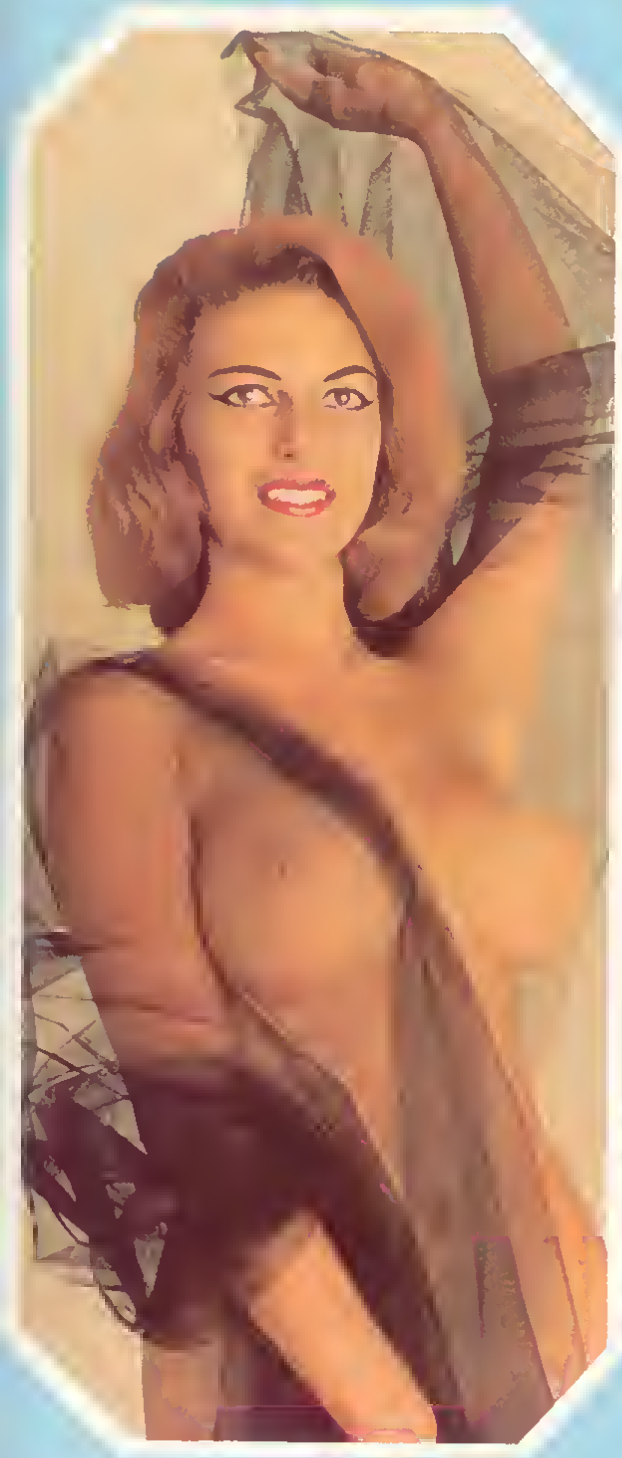
She was ready when he rang the bell. According to current campus fashion, she wore a very light lipstick and, in deference to VOGUE, a heavy blue eye-shadow applied with amateurish spread She wore circles of pearl clip-on earrings and an unexpectedly pristine hat anchored mly in her blonde hair with a e hat pin But he was unprepared to see her in formal elbow-length white gloves, a form-fitting dark blue dress, the neckline just low enough to give him a teasing view of orbing flesh

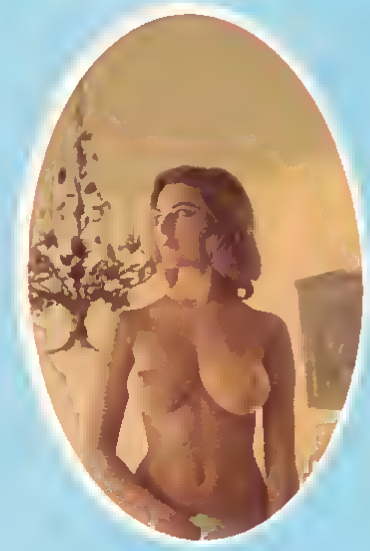
When she opened the door for him her mouth opened and she voiced an "oh" of surprise.

(continued on page 64)

The loveliness of Margit Bardy can be ever-present to fill your season's festivities with her special magic. You may adorn your holiday decanters with TOPPER'S own creation – Margit Bardy labels . Simply by cutting along the dotted lines and pasting them around your very special vintage wine bottles, this Swiss beauty can be your companion at meal-times – or whenever the Christmas spirits move

A FINE DECORATION FOR YOUR HOLIDAY SPIRITS





Topper's
Yuletide
Repast ...

For that fobled holiday repast, whether it be on a-la modist matinee or an intimate tete-a-tete, two ingredients are o must . . . o succulent bird ond a tender componion (see prime example on opposite page!)

Select your little caponettes well, lest you run afoul of disappointment. Both should be young, mouth-watering morsels, well endowed throughout their respective onatomies with firm, tempting tissue — porticularly such tasty portions as breast ond thigh. Six pounds is the limit for one, (if you want to dine a deux) and something in the neighborhood of one hundred and ten will do nicely for the other.

Carefully stuff your pigeon with dressing, as o true gourmet would. Remember, you will be nourishing the evening's prey. A truly noble elixir should accompany your excursion into the realm of gastro-onatomy — ond both fowl ond female should be liberally immersed in a vounted vintage wine. This process will definitely influence the tenderness of both, ond is well worth o modest extro expense.

After enjoying the inimitable flavor of our feathered friend, it is time to savor the charms of that other delicate creature. Since she is the most delightful offering on the menu, our advice here is to linger long over this most satisfying piece de resistance. *But, should you follow the poth of tact, diplomacy, and obove all, taste . . . we assure you, her resistance will disappear!*

. . . *A gourmet's guide to* haute *seduction!*

PERFECTIONIST

(continued from page 26)

I sighed through a laugh. "So do all of us," I agreed, "but we settle for a good-looking girl."

"Well," he said, "*I* will not." His voice had a familiar edge, his eyes a familiar glint, and his soul I knew was once more in the throes of its familiar vision — perfection.

I thought to myself then, let the man be — if a perfect beauty exists Carlton is just the man to discover her.

"Someday," he would murmur, "someday."

That day was to come. That rare day. That day of days.

Shortly after his thirtieth birthday Carlton invited me to his estate at Ponsett and confided something to me which I would consider remarkable in no man but him.

He had decided to marry.

I was stunned. In Carlton such a consideration seemed to me . . . incredible. What raving beauty, what vision of loveliness, what rosy vessel of desire could hope to approximate, much less pass, the inordinate standards by which this near-fanatic judged? What girl, however glorious, had not one tiny defect to which his omniscient eye would inevitably turn? Or did Carlton at long last realize that for once the best would have to be good enough for him?

He did not.

"Erskine," he stated, "the time has come for me to settle down, as the cliche goes."

"Well, you certainly have a good deal to share," I said noncommittally, and then could not help adding, "but, have you considered the human element, that, once you find the perfect beauty, that she might not . . . ?

"Not like me?" he cut in questioningly.

"Well, there is that possibility, you must admit."

"I will take my chances on winning her," he said emphatically.

His idea, grandly designed, was not merely to choose one out of many, but to select a *perfect* one out of as many as possible.

He did exactly that.

I had always regarded him as an enterprising sort. But the way he planned, supervised, and executed the entire undertaking was a model of administrative procedure, displaying a continuous exercise of imagination, resourcefulness, diplomacy, propriety and finesse. All without a whisper of personal publicity.

It would be tedious to recount the details of his nationwide search, the time it took, the money it cost. The commissioners involved to cull the cities and comb the countrysides, the sponsors who were his paid supervisors, the contest judges who were his agents. But, let no one be so naive as to suppose there is nothing more to beauty contests than meets the eye.

What matters to my story is this: six months after a corn-queen contest at a little county fair in Iowa, supposedly under the auspices of the local grange, Carlton had winnowed the entire country like a field of wheat and assembled in one glorious aggregation an even hundred of the most delectable-looking creatures that the eye could contain or the mind conceive.

In groups of twenty-five, under proper chaperonage, they were successively invited for a week's vacation at Carlton's estate, apparently to relax a while from the ardors and demands of the national campaign. This was a masterstroke on Carlton's part because, where many of these girls, lovely as they were, might have been at their second best due to some self-consciousness or nervous indisposition, now they felt free to disport themselves without the strain of constant competition or the pressures of official scrutiny.

For seven days, their natural beauty was enhanced by the pleasant surrounding, the landscapes, the flowers and foliage, as they lolled pleasurably like nymphs in the gardens of Paradise.

Yes, they were totally at ease, serene in spirit, calm in demeanor, graceful in action and at their beautiful best. But I wonder what the effect might have been had they known that their charming host, who seemed to be everywhere with his engaging eyes and engulfing glances, was a harsher inquisitor and a more discriminating judge of their absolute beauty than any man whose eyes they might ever encounter.

Or even if awake, had they suspected more than an impersonal concern on Carlton's part, *asleep* they had *no* inkling of how extensive that concern actually was. For it was then, through the hours of night, that two matrons of his household passed from room to room, from apartment to apartment, attentively observing the sleeping beauties and duly reporting to their master whether the girls' repose was tranquil, whether they snored or moaned or ground their teeth, whether they had sweet breath and were free from unpleasant scent, and generally whether they were innocent of any unsightly concealments or of certain imperfections which might not be noticeable by day.

By day, of course, Carlton would continue his discreet inventory, his dispassionate assortment of every esthetic item. Not an hour passed but he would mark to some complexion a fault in color, tone or texture; to some feature a fault in shape, size or placement; to some figure a fault in posture, proportion or development of line.

Some idea of his particularity may be inferred from the fact that of the first twenty-five not one girl was considered acceptable; from the next, two were selected, from the third group, none again; and from the last — only one. Three girls out of one hundred that had been out of nearly one million.

Meanwhile, I observed a change in Carlton, more precisely, an enlivening of his attitude. Originally he had approached the problem as a connoisseur to whom beauty was an abstraction, to whom art and genius were objective considerations. But these were not merely *objet d'art*, these were *girls*. Their art was alive, their beauty throbbing and, I suppose, even Carlton could not help but warm to his work. I do not mean to imply that his capabilities or discernment were at all impaired. They were not. Or that his standards of judgment relaxed. They remained rigid. But gradually his attitude brightened. It changed from aloofness to mere disdain, from mere disdain to mild interest, then to earnest enthusiasm and finally to positive exuberance. Indeed, his eyes took on a light, his voice a rich tone, his manner a distinct fervor.

By the end of the month, the last of the unqualified ninety-seven had been dispatched with prizes, cash emoluments, contracts and other such guarantees of public or professional aggrandizement, as they desired.

On a sunny morning, a day later, Carlton, myself and the three remaining girls were relaxing in a circle on the lawn. What a pleasure it was to be in their company! To perceive them there, as if in a vision, a pleasure to the eye and soothing to the soul. They were embodiments of beauty, entrancing to my every sense

(continued on page 71)

"quotable notables"

If historians had correctly read the past it is more than likely that the world situation would not be as chaotic as it is today — or even as it was yesterday.

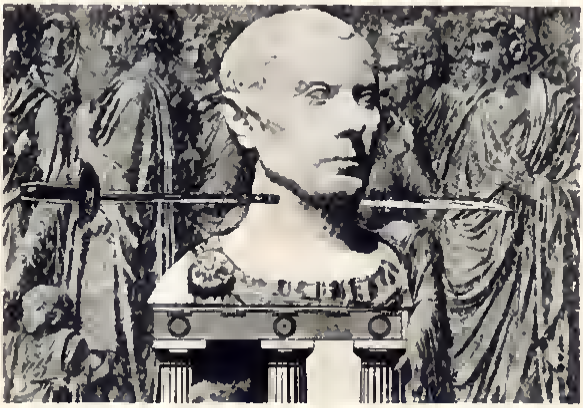
With this firmly in mind, TOPPER'S research department (composed of a tiny nucleus of mildewed reactionaries) has made a conclusive (or inconclusive, as the results may show) study of little known yet pivotal utterances by some all too familiar voices from history.

So that we will not cause any undue embarrassment to familial descendants, we have judiciously used only the first name initial and surname, in hopes that surviving relatives will not receive crank phone calls.

With no further fanfare, herewith is what we have uncovered (as represented by humorist Paul W. Fryar):

"How do you like blue, kid?"

—T. GAINSBOROUGH, 1775



"You can always place trust in a true friend."

—J. CAESAR, 44 B.C.

"They want us to strike our colors. Quick, think up a reply that will make the papers back home."

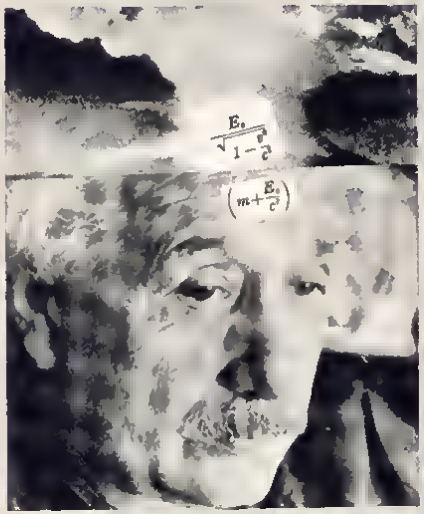
—J. P. JONES, 1779

"A gal should never lose her head over a man."

–M. ANTOINETTE, 1783

"You say the altitude has given one of the elephants n nosebleed?"

–HANNIBAL, 218 B.C.



"Oh, it's just a little theory of mine that probably won't find much use . . . $E = mc^2$."

–A. EINSTEIN, 1922

"A few shovelfuls, we're through to the Red Sea and voila, we've put those scraggy camel trains out of business!"

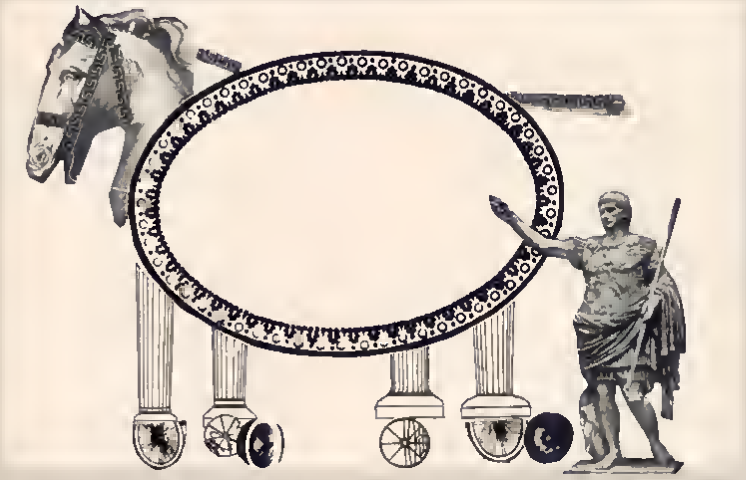
–F. de LESSEPS, 1858

"Keep sapper warm, Matilda, we're jast gola' for a little ride over by the river."

–G. CUSTER, 1876

"Bat Mare, I'm not proae to argae."

–CLEOPATRA, 51-30 B.C.



"What do we waat to bring that dama horse in here for? A nag that big we'll always be cleaala' up after."

–UNKNOWN TROJAN SOLDIER, 1200 B.C.

CAREFUL JOB OF SEDUCTION

(continued from page 54)

"Hello, Ahmad," she said lamely after a long pause. "Gosh, you look like a Hollywood movie star. That tie and that jacket! Those shoes! I don't have anything like that. Maybe I'd better not go out with you. I'd be awfully self-conscious in a restaurant." She retreated slightly.

"Don't you worry about that. There won't be any crowd. Just us two, tête à tête in my apartment."

Amy took another step back. "In your apartment?" she repeated. "Just us?" The blue eyes opened wide. It might have been doubt or fear. It could be invitation. She straightened her shoulders and stood tall. "H-how nice. Just the two of us. I've never been in a man's apartment before. Alone, that is .. But I guess it's all right, here."

He slid his arm along her waist very gently, as if without forethought, reached her gloved elbow, and walked her into the darkening street.

When they came to his building, he steered her to the short flight of steps under the drugstore that led directly to his apartment. She glanced at him doubtfully, her lower lip drawn into a pout. "Downstairs!" she exclaimed. She looked at him for the flicker of a minute, took a deep breath and turned her head to stare through the drugstore window, frowning.

"See someone you know?"

"Yes... no... I mean... I was just looking at those pretty rhinestone pins in the window. It's wonderful what drugstores will carry these days. Kitchenware, liquors, everything. Cafeteria, jewelry..." Her voice trailed off uncertainly. Provoking and provocative, this Amy woman...

"They're almost ready to close," he announced, wrenching her away from the window.

"They are? Oh dear!" The drugstore lights went out and she followed him, docile, down the stairs holding his arm for support. "I imagined that you'd have an attic apartment. You know... art and garrets. That sort of thing."

"Less problems with neighbors this way," he explained. He unlocked the door, flicked on the rosy light, and secured the latch behind her. She crossed the threshold before him and undulated into the room. The dark folded back into all the corners when the soft light went on. It left just visible the main outlines of his few pieces of furniture.

"It smells lovely in here," she said. "Like smoking incense or something. But where are the other lights?" Her voice was pitched high with tension.

He scratched a match on the floor and, shielding the flame, walked to the table and lit the two red candles. He turned on the phonograph where a record of the husky-voiced Edith Piaf lay ready for play. The singer started crooning sleepily into the dimness, the stereo equipment underlining every insinuating overtone.

Amy was standing a few steps inside the apartment and he went back to lead her into the room. "Maybe if I put on my glasses I could see better in here," she said.

"Please don't put on anything.. There isn't that much to see." He gestured around the room with one arm. "Kitchen, in there. Bathroom beyond it. The bookshelves make a nice wall, don't you think? Closet there. One window. It lets in some light and there's a view of passing legs. Not as nice as yours, of course..."

She gave out with a little "Oh?"

"That's about all," he concluded.

There was a pause. She remained standing.

"There isn't any more furniture than you can see... except the bed, of course. Table, two chairs, phonograph, the couch." He pointed to the couch. "Why don't you sit down? I'll fix us some drinks in a minute."

Amy sat silently and stiffly on the edge of the red velour-covered couch with here high-heeled pumps on the white bear-skin rug before it. She fingered the soft silks of the pillows and their gold tassels. Why did she keep on the damn hat and gloves? The hat and gloves somehow reminded him of the frustrating, infuriating chaperones who had kept him from Seyeeda. She reached over to pick up the pillows from the floor. As she did, the opening in the neck of her dress revealed more of the promising roundness.

"Just let them lie there," he said. "I like to lie on the floor sometimes and listen to records. Take off your hat and gloves. We aren't eating formal."

"Sorry!" she laughed. "I was just being a little absent-minded. I wasn't sure... Never mind! I'll just leave them here..." She drew off the long white gloves. She put them in a straight line down the middle of the red couch.

"Why don't you take off your shoes?" he suggested. "That fur rug is very soft."

When she inclined her head her

"See, Sweetheart? Didn't I tell you a cup of black coffee would take the fuzzy edge off of things?"

long blonde tresses fell over her cheeks. "I would, but my feet might get cold." She glanced around the room. "That's a nice picture." She gestured to the heavy walnut frame over and behind the couch.

"Matisse," he explained. He would go to the kitchen now and get the Martinis.

"I know," she continued. "His models never shaved under the arms." He figured Amy's drink at five-gin-to-one-Vermouth. This formula had proven itself with Gwendolyn, Alice and the others.

He advanced toward Amy with a cocktail in each hand. He saw the bright eyes — blue enough to show color in the dimness — the straight line of gloves lying across the couch, and the lacy fringe of a black slip showing beneath the skirt of her dark blue dress. He held out a drink.

"Thanks," she said. "I just love olives." She took a swallow. "What's behind the curtain of glass beads?"

"It's the bedroom. Here! Let me show you." Apparently her drink went down the wrong way. She began to cough violently. He sat on the couch and patted her back. "Sometimes, for two," he continued, as she calmed down, "we sleep here on the couch." He edged over to the white gloves and reached his arm over the barrier to her waist.

"Oh, I must see your books," she said, jumping up and spilling her drink on the bear-skin. "Oh dear," she said unconvincingly, "I'm sorry, but I was practically done anyhow."

"Oh, but I have already made much more."

"No thanks! I wouldn't dare spoil my appetite for your dinner. My goodness, have you read all of these? I just love books!"

She pulled out the first volume that came to her hand. He saw that it was the pink cloth-bound copy of the Decameron, privately printed with profuse and graphic illustrations. She pushed it back, rather quickly.

"That is all very nice, but I have also here," he stood up so as to be able to reach in front of her and just delicately brush against her right breast with his forearm, "one of the few copies in this country of the *Postures of Love* from the walls of the Bachelors' House in Pompeii — complete with illustrations and text." He leaned closer to her. "And this Indian book tells how their women put perfume around their nipples . . ."

Amy jumped as if she had suddenly backed into a cactus. "I still have my hat on!" she exclaimed loudly. "You must think I have no manners." She turned from the bookcase and drew the pin from her hat, hesitated a moment to see where she would place it, walked back to the couch and placed the hat in line with the gloves and stuck the pin firmly into the red velour cover. Her skirt pulled tight across her buttocks as she bent to the couch, and he poured himself another drink.

"It's terribly warm in here," she said, leaning herself gingerly against the record cabinet.

"Not for me," he told her. He studied the curve of her shoulders and the curl of her yellow hair over the candles and the flowers on the table. He swallowed his drink whole. It was warm, but perhaps if it grew warmer she would become sleepy unless some stupidly New England-sized appetite kept her awake. There was the silence and the length of the room between them . . .

She shifted in discomfiture. "Martinis certainly give one an appetite, don't they?" she said finally.

"But you drank just one!"

"I know, but I'm not used to liquor and it has quite an effect on me."

Maybe the five-to-one formula had not been necessary . . . or could she be pretending? He gave her his best smile. Now was the time for the food and the wine. After all, it was easier to get what you wanted if you first gave the lady what she thought or said *she* wanted. "Then you must immediately sit down for dinner. I have bought a fine white wine for the lobster." He uncorked the bottle and filled the glasses. "Salud y amour," he said and raised his glass.

"Health and love! It's Spanish. I am sorry we must have such big wine glasses. I broke the smaller ones. For the next bottle I have a better toast . . . in old Persian." He bowed slightly to excuse himself and went to the kitchen. When he returned, her glass was empty.

"Finished your wine so soon?"

"I was very thirsty."

"Good! Have some more!" He finished his glass and refilled them both. When she complimented him on the lobster, he said, "I cook with wines. Do you like the watercress in the salad? Watercress is beautiful in a flowing stream. Have you ever seen it grow?" He let his voice intone into a caress. "Our poets have likened it to the green hair of a water nymph, a mermaid, to the grace of a dryad

(continued on page 73)

NOW!

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WATCH FOR IT ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS

a California

MERMAID

While most of the country takes to fireside pastimes, roasting marshmallows or turning up the dial a notch or two on the electric blanket, there are still oases of warmth to be found—even in the middle of the winter.

One such calid cradle of sunshine is Southern California, a place where swim parties and sun-bathing are as natural as a snowball fight in East Orange, New

Jersey. In fact, starlet Hope Hathaway is obvious proof of this claim.

Poolside with Hope is a rather splashing, dashing affair. Hope is a sweet Southern California mermaid who spends much of her time in, under and around water when she isn't practicing her ballet steps or plinking away at the concert grand.

On these pages Ivan Nagy has captured for TOPPER *some dripping and delightful dalliances — uninhibited interludes of rare charm.*

"...And they said it couldn't be done!"

PERFECTIONIST

(continued from page 60)

Their voices were like water bells, their mouths like rosebuds filled with snow, their lips like crescents of cherry, their complexions like cameos tinted with rose, their hair like burnished ebony. Their bosoms swelled like melodies, their limbs harmonious in motion and statuesque in repose. Their eyes were like poems of morning, their glances like visitations of love. There was an air of lilac about them and in them a spirit of excitement.

I could not for the life of me understand how Carlton could decide among them. Each was beyond comparison, together the ultimate in loveliness. They were to the heart what Heaven must be to the soul.

Was not Carlton then, like myself, adrift on a sea of sensitivities, lost in the outer space of perfection?

He was not.

He was very much the scientist tackling a mathematical problem.

But I had noted a further change in him. Carlton was a man suffering from extreme tension. I saw in his eyes the gleam which is seen mostly in the eyes of paranoids, fanatics or geniuses.

"I knew that I undertook no easy chore," Carlton conceded, "but it is worth every drop of sweat, every gram of anxiety. She will be perfect. Perfect!"

"And are you so sure she will have you? Different temperaments, and all," I pursued.

"She will agree." Carlton was certain.

Before noon he had made his final selection. By one o'clock two of the girls were on a train to the city while Carlton spent the afternoon in earnest conversation with his chosen one.

As I have intimated, Carlton was a man of experience and persuasion. It was no surprise to me that before the sun went down a wedding had been scheduled.

The day of the wedding came, the hour, the minute.

As Carlton's best man, I observed him in the vestry and became somewhat alarmed at his manner, if not his very condition. Bridegrooms are reasonably subject to excitation at such a time, but Carlton seemed abnormally affected and moved in what, I might say, was a nervous reverie.

Moments later, standing close beside him in front of the assembly as we awaited the arrival of the bride, I could feel him actually trembling and, were the ceremony not so imminent, I would have occasioned some delay. Even as I considered doing so, the church doors opened, the bride entered, the mighty organ began to resound joyously and the procession came near. As it approached along the aisle I could not keep from turning slightly to observe the bride.

I had known how beautiful she was, but not how beautiful she could be. Radiant in white and gold she came near like an angel, suffused by her own loveliness. I felt Carlton stir beside me; and, as the bride came abreast of us, I waited for him to step to her side. When, for those many anxious moments, he made no move I turned directly to him.

How shall I describe the shock that came upon me and upon us all? For the splendor of the bride, which had astounded everyone, had positively devastated Carlton. He still stared at her but out of eyes that had no mind behind them. His countenance was at once both rapturous and pathetic and, from his lips, as though far away, could be heard the gasp again and again, "Perfect, Perfect."

His dream had come true, his vision had been realized; but, alas, the seizure of it had crazed him. He began to shake violently and uncontrollably and we had to restrain him.

Carlton was committed last year to a private institution. I visit him regularly to ascertain if he is well cared for. He lives now as I suppose he was always meant to live — in a world of his own, where perhaps *everything* is perfect. In *this* world, we must admit, nothing ever is.

Even that breath-taking bride, that ravishing beauty, that gloriously lovely girl, may be said to be proof of the fact, for as a wife I find she has her little faults.

Or am I being a perfectionist?

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Carl Brandenfels
Box 7458 St. Helens, Oregon

(continued from page 14)

I am always curious to hear indiscriminate civilian bombing rationalized and justified. Not so long ago, the "civilized" world was outraged because a few lumbering bombers of Mussolini's air force dropped some explosives on an undefended marker town during Mr. Franco's war, the explosives being mere 4th of July sparklers compared to today's armament. In seven years time — between 1938, when this happened, and 1945 — the same world came to accept as a New Tactic, here to stay, the atomizing of whole cities. And between 1945 and 1952, the world has come to the point of calculating actions in which the lowest common denominator of extinction is a nation.

If this does not constitute the foulest immorality devised by the same species that is about to set foot on the moon, then I have completely misread history, the Bible, the newspapers and the collected percentages of Herman Khan.

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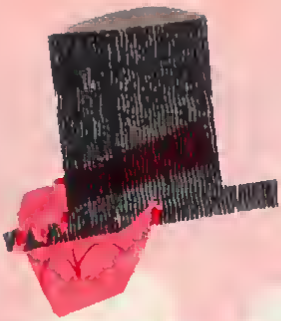

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CAREFUL JOB OF SEDUCTION

(continued from page 65)

" He emptied his glass again. "Come, you do not show proper appreciation for the wine."

She obediently took a sip. "The sauce is delicious. Could I have another roll from the oven?"

"Certainly." He made another excursion to the kitchen. "Drink up your wine."

"I will," she said gaily. "I'm so glad you thought of flowers, Ahmad."

Was it possible that he had left this much wine in his glass? He had finished the mixing of the Martinis when he was in the kitchen and he could not be sure. He emptied the wine bottle and let his right index finger stroke the concavity at the bottom.

He brought out rounded golden pears and a plate of cheese, and opened another bottle. He poured another glass of wine for himself and stretched his legs under the table. She was a very frustrating female, indeed. But he decided she could not be all New England ice. Perhaps she was just teasing. Well, he knew how to handle teasers... Perhaps this was the time for the direct approach. She should be warm enough and full of wine enough by this time... Dietrich was singing: *You Do Something To Me.*

The food and drink and heat must have affected her. He noticed that she could hardly keep her eyes open. He would wait for the effect to ripen.

"Can we open the window a little more?" she yawned. "I feel so sleepy."

He cat-stretched and walked behind her chair. His fingers were light and gentle along the back of her neck. "Why don't you lie down on the couch," he whispered. "Take off that fancy dress and put on my silk robe. We can both be so much more comfortable."

Suddenly she was up on her feet. "Shall we dance?" she exclaimed gaily.

"But of course!" He clasped her to him so tightly that she could hardly move. He could feel the rondures of her body close against him, could feel her thighs rub against his as he took a step forward in time with the music. He pressed his hand against the small of her back.

"I move my feet when *I* dance," she said a bit wildly. One candle sputtered in its pool of wax. Marlene Dietrich sang *You've Got That Look* as if the words came from under a satin quilt. He swayed against her now—his right hand exploring the opening in the neck of her dress.

With a wild American Indian howl she wrenched herself away and was suddenly all fists and elbows and fingernails. He grabbed her wrists and pulled her to him again. She fought him like a wild desert cat—turning, twisting, kicking, biting. He pushed hard. She lost her balance and fell to the white bear rug in front of the couch... with him on top of her. He could feel her wrist struggling to twist away. She managed to free one arm and was reaching behind herself to the edge of the couch... He felt a sharp jab between his shoulder blades. She had found the hat pin!

Right after Christmas the problem is to separate the men from the toys.

He rolled over on the rug. "You have killed me! And with a hat pin!" It was almost too pat to believe.

"Did I really hurt you?"

"Not so it shows," he said, in his most effective wounded voice.

"I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to hit so hard."

After groaning suitably, he raised himself on an elbow with studied effort and arranged one pillow for his back and another for his head. The record player turned itself off. The clock glowed and ticked in the near dark. She brushed off her dress and put on her hat. She felt about unsuccessfully for the pin. It had fallen, and he could feel it in the texture of the rug. He covered it with his hand. She picked up her purse and squinted into it, arranging the hair under her hat.

He would have to think of something. He tried another deep groan, shifting his position slightly.

"Does it really hurt so much?"

He gave out with a loud deep gasp. She hesitated, then turned toward the door. Slowly she started to put on one white glove.

"Ooooh," he said again, expressing, he hoped, a deeper agony than before.

She started to put on the other glove. He groaned again. She turned back and paused. "Let me see it," she said, and he sat up with a great show of discomfort and unbuttoned his shirt. Then he pulled it off and turned on his stomach. He hoped she had drawn enough blood to make a large mark.

"It's so dim in here... I can't see. Maybe, though, we ought to put some alcohol on your back. Just in case."

"Don't have any," he said weakly, "by the bed... bottle of cologne... mostly alcohol... try it." The cologne was Kashmir, a heavy all-pervading scent.

Slowly she drew off the gloves and knelt to minister tenderly and maternally to the spot where she had stabbed him. A car drove past, its tires scrunching on the asphalt, headlights flashing a one-second brightness into the room. A man and a woman walked past the window. The woman's skirt was short enough, but the legs were stubby and not worth the display. The campus carillon chimed a quarter hour. In the distance a tomcat yowled.

Amy's circular finger-motion between his shoulder blades became slower and slower. And finally she stopped rubbing. He heard two little clicking sounds. "What's that," he whispered, with a great show of weakness.

"I just took off my earrings." He watched her place the pearl circles on the edge of the couch. "It's warm in here and they pinch."

"You make me feel so much better," he said when she resumed the slow rubbing again. He reached back to touch her hand and turned over. He caught up one earring and stabbed through the circle of it with the hat pin. "Much, much better," he told her as he pulled her down beside him.

"What are you doing?" she whispered, but he smothered her slight protest with his lips.

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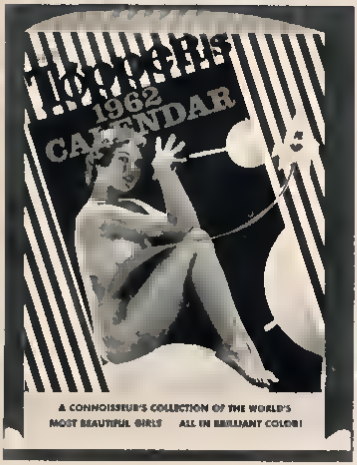

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MONGOOSE AND BIRD

Dear Topper

I have read Dave Gregg's *Cuttin Contest* [It] was a moving piece with much body and soul" style and individuality, as only Mr Gregg can project

Definitely, Mr Gregg is a name to be exploited and I trust your fine magazine will be the first big magazine to recognize this talent I think Mr Gregg had the currently fabulous trumpeter Clark Terry in mind, for surely this is the way Clark blows

Archie Moore
"The Mongoose"
San Diego, Calif

Dear Topper

Some of the boys in the band called my attention to an article in TOPPER I never write to publishers however this is such a true-to-form article that I had to drop a line

If you continue to put stories of this kind in your magazine, I know that you will pick up many new readers as I'll be watching the newsstands for TOPPER from now on

The story I make reference to is in the October issue and is called CUTTIN CONTEST FINE!

Col Jens Jensen
Wolverine Jazz Band
Kalamazoo, Mich

Dear Topper

That story *Cuttin Contest* in TOPPER is an absolute gas! Whoever the guy is that wrote it tore up jazz story writing like Bird tore up the music

J Welch
Columbus, Ohio

(EDITOR'S NOTE These letters were just a sampling of the overwhelming response received on author Gregg's story There may be big plans in store for his concept we hear tell)

BELLINI BALONEY!

What are you guys trying to prove with that lay-out on Francesca Bellini? So who needs her?

Guy Tarrant
Lakeland, Florida

(EDITOR'S NOTE All right, if it's the undraped set you like, the current issue proves how flexible we can be)

Dear Topper

I travel for a living and on my last trip through the mid-west, I picked up a copy of the October issue of TOPPER Magazine According to your volume and copy number I ascertain that you are a new publication From the calibre of your material and especially the short story entitled *Cuttin Contest* by Dave Gregg who is a new author to me I would say TOPPER is here to stay

Larry L McKee
Long Key, Florida

Yoshie Imanomi

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